HORATIO,

OF

HOLSTEIN.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

"GOOD unexpected,—evil unforeſeen,
Appear by turns, as Fortune ſhifts the ſcene;
Some, rais'd by fortune, tumble down amain,
And bound ſo hard, they mount and riſe again."

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ERRATUM TO VOL. II.

Page 139, line 21, *for* interrupted *read* interrupt.

HORATIO.

CHAP. I.

ELLA felt her heart beat high; this was to her taſte; it had ſomething of knight-errantry about it. Little ſeemed wanting to perfect her happineſs. Ella's heart overflowed with gratitude and conviction at the ſincerity of Sterndorff's paſſion, which had induced him to travel to Stettin on purpoſe to preſent himſelf before La Somme; and had ſurmounted the groſs and indignant affront he had received in the two letters La Somme had ſent, and which Ella, upon her word

and honour, assured her lover, were dispatched without her consent or knowledge: then, after this proof of his love, to pursue them to the farmer's with the same intention of declaring himself; and while her absence was occupying his meditations, to be basely attacked, and in danger of losing his life in serving her; this—this was proof sufficient; — this was demonstration itself; and she banished every regret that La Somme was not present to raise new objections.

"Apropos!" said Sterndorff, inspecting the locket which was suspended from her bosom; "I find myself a little jealous: I am sure this is the present of some favourite; —nay, I am sure you would not wear the favour unless you loved the donor equally with me!"

Ella blushed, and added, "That is impossible, unless you knew who gave it!"

"Between ourselves," said Sterndorff, "I received it from a young man who lived with you, of the name of Albert; he had

had it done as a preſent to his miſtreſs, but, from ſome embarraſſment, he wanted money more than the ornament, by which means I became the purchaſer; and the ſeaſon of the year ſuggeſting the idea, I ſent it to the loveliеſt girl in Stettin."

"Now, La Somme," ſaid Ella to herſelf, "what have you to ſay in exculpation of Albert!—but he was your choice:—Sterndorff is mine!"

The lovers, in ſhort, had ſo much to ſay, that they had ſcarcely reached the meridian of their converſation, when the ſun had attained his ultimate declenſion, and twilight was advancing. Ella obſerved that it was time either to proceed or retreat: as ſhe had yet the farther part of the way to go, Sterndorff adviſed her to return, and the time was occupied in removing difficulties and obſtructions; and before they parted, he obtained a promiſe that Ella would accompany him in a chaiſe, a few miles into the country, and to return in the evening, which they agreed could be conducted

in a few days from that time, under the pretence of paying a whole day's viſit to Liſſetta. They arrived, ſlowly, at the laſt ſtyle, and here it became prudent to part. Sterndorff preſented her with an elegant pocket-book, as a teſtimony of regard, and gave her the cheering information that he ſhould remain in the village expreſsly for the pleaſure of enjoying the projected trip into the country with her. The lovers then ſeparated.

Ella ſat on the ſtyle, and ſaw her guiding ſtar retiring from her view: ſhe held in her hand the pocket-book ſhe had juſt received, and was weighing events, as they had occurred, in her mind: ſhe bleſſed the lucky adventure of meeting Sterndorff, and was ſorry that Liſſetta was not preſent: ſhe rejoiced that ſhe had ſtayed to reſt on the tree; and lamented that Sterndorff's life had been endangered: ſhe was vexed that the meeting was ſo ſhort, and reconciled by the proſpect of a future one of longer continuance. While Ella was in this poſition, farmer Martin

Martin made his appearance: Ella was confuſed, hurried the pocket-book into concealment, and endeavoured to prepare an excuſe.

"Well, dear Ella," ſaid Martin, "who would have thought of ſeeing you? How does your friend? and what has detained her theſe two days?"

"A ſlight indiſpoſition," ſaid Ella.

"I am ſorry for it," returned Martin; "and you ſeem to have caught it, you look ſo ſerious on your airy ſeat."

Ella congratulated herſelf on having fairly outwitted the farmer, and Martin was happy that he had more ſucceſsfully played her the ſame trick: he had been to Liſſetta's houſe, intending to fetch her home, but found that Ella had not been there.

In his return he was forming conjectures upon the cauſe of her detention, when the penſive manner in which ſhe ſat, and the quick removal of the pocket-book, convinced him that ſome object connected with it had made her errant: who the

knight was, he knew the lady would not tell; and the book, which perhaps, would inform him, he did not know how to obtain. Ella inſerted her arm into the farmer's, and his converſation convinced her that he had no ſuſpicion of what had paſſed.

When they reached the farm, Martin had invited ſeveral of the ruſtic goddeſſes of beauty, daughters of ſome neighbouring farmers, and their ſwains, to ſpend an evening hour with the young lady Ella: nor was Ella's naiveté and good humour averſe to the indulgence of that artleſs mirth and ſpontaneous ſallies which come from the heart, and innocently amuſe it. Every game and play was ſubmitted to Ella's approbation, who, in her turn, whatever ſhe might think of ſuch paſtimes, had no taſte but that of the farmer's gueſts.

When the *clubs* and *ſpades* were thrown aſide for the *knives* and *forks*, whole cluſters of conundrums were united, and ſtrings of

of puzzles intermingled with the vacant laugh.

Having tried Ella's ability in many ways, the game of forfeits, as producing the moſt *delicious* pains and penalties, was agreed to before a ſeparation, and to which Ella, from her inexperience, became a wholeſale contributor. Forfeited to her laſt article, the bluſhing pocket-book was placed among the hoard. Martin cried the forfeits, and before Ella recovered it, ſhe had been outwitted by his ordering her to traverſe the room backwards to his chair blind-folded.

The title page was inſpected during the redemption of it, and he learned in a moment all he wiſhed to aſk:—" Sterndorff to his *indeſcribable* Ella" was written over the following lines:

Behold the tenants of the air,
How freely they unite!
No abſence gnaws their youth with care,
Nor ſickens their delight:

Like them, *theſe leaves* ſhall taſte that kiſs
The ſtern La Somme denies:
By Ella preſſ'd to all the bliſs,
For which her Sterndorff ſighs.

The mere ſuppoſition that Martin had inſpected the book alarmed Ella, as it muſt have developed the Strephon with whom ſhe had ſtaid in the grove.

Martin penetrated into the motives of her attachment to Blumen Farm and Liſſetta's: as he might take the liberty to adviſe, but not to reſtrain, he reſolved to communicate his information to La Somme by the firſt opportunity.

This deſire of Martin's now promiſed to have a ſpeedy execution from the arrival of Mr. Fryherr and his ſon, with letters from La Somme to himſelf and Ella, announcing the matrimonial nature of the journey, and a requeſt that Ella would honour the eſcort with her company and approbation.

Having alighted at an inn at the outſkirts of the city, Henry Fryherr refuſed to accom-

company his father to the farmer's, alledging the double impropriety of meeting the young lady in an undreſs, and appearing before his intentions had been duly announced.

The ſquire admitted the reaſon, which had more the farmer for its object than Ella, and ſet off alone. He found Ella and Martin within, to whom he delivered his documents, and then began to comment largely on the happineſs which would accrue from their union.

Ella, however, ſaw the reverſe of his rhetoric, and frankly obſerved, that if no obſtruction oppoſed itſelf to the wiſh of La Somme, ſhe would accompany him. It may be aſked, how could Ella promiſe an engagement which muſt break the one ſhe had projected into the country with Sterndorff: the reaſon is, that Ella, immediately after opening the letter, had taken farmer Martin aſide, and ingenuouſly telling him her diſinclination, aſked his advice.

"Your confidence," ſaid Martin, "reſtores me that comfort which your little deception of yeſterday had injured: I aſk no fee for my counſel but your attention and reſpect. Fryherr is a dangerous and vicious young man: the cup of happineſs, which my once dear Roſella filled out for me, he has embittered; he won her affections, detached her from my protection, and now, hidden from me, ſhe is loſt—abandoned!"

"Alas!" ſaid Ella; "the abandoned muſt ever be unhappy! How much I pity you, and deteſt him! Poor Roſella! But how often does youth ſmile at age, ridicule its caution, and ſee no ruin till it feels it!"

"If you know theſe things," ſaid Martin, looking ſteadfaſtly at her, "happy are you if you do them." And ſo act cautiouſly in all your interviews with this young man."

"Example is better than precept," ſaid Ella; "and the buſineſs muſt be, if poſſible, handſomely diſpoſed of."

Pre-

Previouſly to Mr. Fryherr's rejoining his ſon, Ella informed him that her approbation of the young gentleman would depend as much upon the opinion of her friend, Liſſetta, as herſelf; therefore, as ſhe ſhould viſit her in the afternoon, ſhe requeſted that might be the place of introduction. Having given Mr. Fryherr the addreſs of Mrs. Brun, Ella retired to brood over this new embarraſſment to the pretenſions of Sterndorff.

At ſhaking hands with Martin, Fryherr whiſpered in his ear, "For God's ſake not a word about Roſella! if matches are made in heaven, it is wicked to break them; for your own ſake, therefore, ſay nothing."

"There's nothing like an *early* caution!" ſaid Martin, as the gate ſwang to, and parted them.

In the afternoon the ſquire and his ſon arrived a ſhort time before Ella; and Henry's chagrin may be eaſily conceived, at entering the ſame parlour where he had frightened Liſſetta into a diſlike for him.

He had no desire to appear more favourable in Ella's eye than her friend's, for he had a heart that had not yet rejected its original prepossession, though his father saw no vestige of it.

He now intended to imitate the timid lover, conscious if that produced no disapprobation, his father's misconceptions would overset the business.

After being announced to Ella, he sat himself behind his father, held down his head, and avoided throwing one glance at the object of his courtship. After the common enquiries and remarks had passed, the old gentleman, turning to his son, with the voice of reproof, said:

"If I had been a courtier, Henry, like you, I should before this have saluted the young ladies."

"We may take different ways, sir," said Henry, "to reach the heart: I would rather ingratiate myself into their good opinion by forbearance than obtrusion. The true etiquette of delicate behaviour is to take

take no liberty without a permiſſion, however gratifying it may be to the exterior ſenſe: if the ladies, therefore, to extricate me from your reproof, will give me a *licence* to—"

"A licence!" exclaimed Fryherr: "this is as much too bold as the other was too baſhful!"

"Excuſe me, ſir," ſaid Henry, "I was was going to add the licence to poſtpone that pleaſure till I was more deſerving the honour of it."

"Certainly!" rejoined Ella: "theſe little tributary forms are but *lip deep*: we admire delicacy as much as the young gentleman, and I am ſure he ſeems a *pattern* to his ſex!"

"A *pattern!* mind that," ſaid Fryherr, turning to his ſon; "they certainly take you for the fraction of a man—a *tailor!* Ladies, though I ſee you are taking him to pieces, you muſt recollect that one of you will have to put them together again!"

Scarcely

Scarcely able to ſuppreſs a broad laugh at the awkward ſituation of the father and ſon, Liſſetta and Ella withdrew to preſerve that etiquette which Henry had juſt ſpoken of.

"It is impoſſible," ſaid Ella, "that this timid animal can be the ſame with him who lately created ſo much alarm in your houſe. If La Somme has projected him for my future huſband, believe me, I would as ſoon take a ſenſitive plant to my arms: it will be my part to diſmiſs this offer in a very conciſe manner: farmer Martin has ſpoken indifferently of him, and a very few minutes have ſhewn us that he can ſpeak no better than he acts."

Various animadverſions then took place on the altered appearance of young Fryherr, and particularly his baſhfulneſs, which, in reality, was not altogether aſſumed.

While the young ladies were abſent, Mrs. Brun embraced the opportunity to proceed to buſineſs, concluding as ſhe wiſhed, that Henry

Henry had come to renew his firſt matrimonial eſſay to her daughter.

" Surely ſomething extraordinary, ſir," ſaid Mrs. Brun, " has drawn you to Frankfort."

" Nothing leſs," ſaid Mr. Fryherr, " than my ſon's matrimonial happineſs: the object of our journey is to bring this great family event about with the daughter of *my friend*."

" Indeed, ſir, nothing can render *our* friendſhip ſo laſting as to ſee it cemented by the nuptial union. The flattering intention you have announced will give the higheſt pleaſure to Mrs. Fryherr, who, when ſhe viſited me laſt, wiſhed ſuch an event to take place. But, begging young Mr. Fryherr's pardon, I could ſay he is not always quite ſo good as he now appears to be."

" It is but too true! — You refer, no doubt, to his fondneſs for Martin's daughter: it was bad—too bad!—but as that event is now ended, we muſt ſay no more of it: the

the beſt may err and repent—and ſuch is Henry's ſituation."

"Indeed this is intelligence I never heard before; but repentance never comes too late; therefore, as reformation and encouragement ſhould go together, and we have fully explained our minds on the ſubject of the marriage, permit me to tell Liſſetta and her friend the motive of your viſit, and to introduce my daughter to her future father in law!"

While Mrs. Brun retired to inform Liſſetta of the renewal of young Fryherr's addreſſes, the old gentleman continued repeating his ſurpriſe that his wife ſhould have actually fallen into *his* ſcheme of marriage with the ſame perſon! His ſurpriſe, however, was in a moment removed from one object to another, as Liſſetta and Ella entered the room, the former declaring that ſuch a propoſal from Mr. Fryherr muſt be a miſtake, and her mother as ſtrongly inſiſting upon it.

The

The words—"*my friend*"—were more accurately defined; and the embaſſy was placed upon its proper baſis.

Mrs. Brun, finding herſelf foiled, was proceeding to comment on the ruinous character which Fryherr had unthinkingly expoſed, in his ſon's connection with Roſella, when Mr. Fryherr compounded the difference by promiſing that in caſe of any obſtruction to his marriage with Ella, he ſhould revert to the approval of Liſſetta.

Ella, who had hitherto remained ſilent, objected to any haſty determination till the ſuitor had declared to which of the two divinities *he* intended to pay his adoration: and his eyes being directed downwards, gave occaſion to Liſſetta to obſerve ſarcaſtically, that his "Contemplations were only among the Tombs."

Ella replied that this might account for his *coldneſs*, while Fryherr remarked that he ought, on the contrary, to be the more warm, ſeeing he was enduring the *roaſt*. Ella, wiſhing them both to withdraw, propoſed

poſed to give them her anſwer, whether ſhe would accompany them home on the following day; and in this expectation, the chagrined relations took their leave, and retired to talk over the buſineſs at their inn.

While the heads of the houſe were conſpiring to render Fryherr's miſſion nugatory, the ſervant was as active in removing them from one diſagreeable expoſure into another: in going out for ſome article appropriated to the ſervice of the tea-table, ſhe fortunately met the peace officer who had taken ſuch an active part in extricating Liſſetta from her terrific ſituation with Henry. The maid was big with the intelligence, and the peace officer was inflated with ſatisfaction, either pecuniary or perſonal. He readily learned from his female communicant the inn at which the traveller had put up, and he determined, as the leaſt puniſhment, to break young Fryherr's reſt, for having broken his head; and as he had already, in one inſtance, ſeen that his object was not the moſt tame animal

mal in the creation, he raiſed a corps of his official colleagues, and they proceeded to the inn. On entering the lower room, the importance of their countenance, and their placing themſelves at the out-poſts, drew together the collective body of male and female attendants, anxious to know for whom this ſelect eſcort was intended. Enquiry having been made of the landlord for his viſitors, the officer mounted into the front room, where ſat the ſquire and his ſon, the former examining his piſtols, from which he had juſt taken out the balls, and Henry reading.

The buſineſs of the unfriendly viſit was ſoon explained, and when old Fryherr inſiſted that his ſon ſhould not be taken from him, the officer readily adjuſted the difference by declaring that they ſhould go together, for there was little doubt but that the old *block* reſembled the young *chip*. Every other article which appeared to be their property was removed with them, as it was obſerved that *dead* things might be

living

living evidence; and as like for like was good law, if he would not give ſecurity for making *up* the breach by *coming down* ſomething, he muſt abide by the *upſhot* of the affair.

The watch-houſe was the moſt contiguous and handy place for ſecurity and accommodation: becauſe the officer's ſuperannuated employer ſat there in all the dignity of nocturnal majeſty; and who, though blind as to the objects brought before him, ſaw his intereſt clearly in compounding thoſe caſes which the magiſtrate would either have diſmiſſed or reprobated. The *locum tenens* of authority was ſeated on a broken bottom chair, and had a Dutch pipe in his mouth, from which iſſued ſuch a volume of ſmoke, that it impeded all viſion, and tickled the throats of the phthiſicky into a pertual cough. The dimenſions of this hall of juſtice were little larger than a ſtage coach, and its walls were ſynonimouſly decorated with pariſh inſtructions upon the duty of conſtables, dying ſpeeches, and

and ballads to the memory of notorious malefactors.

" Who are theſe ?" ſaid the conſtable to himſelf, as they entered: and then vociferated, " Stand away from *ſcrouging* the gentlemen: we ſit here to do juſtice—and keep the *peace*—but that's neither *here* nor there :—Now let the gentlemen make their charges, that we may take them down."

" Take the *gemmen down*, if you pleaſe," exclaimed the peace-officer, " but as to the charges—why, I ſhan't be behind hand at bringing them forward. As for the *old blade*, why, I has nothing more againſt him than that he was perhaps a little too *wet*, and ſo was ſomewhat *ruſty* : but as to this young fellow — why, your conſtableſhip knows that he ſtoned my head with his fiſt, juſt as though he had been paving it : he's the ſame man who *ſtole* into Mrs. Brun's houſe, under the diſguiſe of a gouty old fellow ; no doubt with intent to *ſteal* ſomething out : and when I came in my *officious* capacity to do my duty, he afterwards ſat upon

upon me, and pounded me till my face was ſwollen like your worſhip's noſe: blood will have blood, they ſay; and I ſay I will have poundage for his pounding."

"This is a *ſerus* charge," ſaid the conſtable; "no taking any man by his looks, unleſs you ſee through him—no knowing *nobody*: the officers of the peace muſt be *ſecured*, that is, I don't mean confined, but *perfected* in their duty: now knocking *down* an officer is the means of *knocking up* the peace: and, it is my opinion, that it partakes of *fellony* when our *gardyens* of the night are *felled* down by any *feller*, gentle or ſimple:—Why was not this matter brought on *before*—"

"Brought on *by four*;—becauſe I knew nothing of the matter till within this hour or two; but I have all the ill uſage I received as clear in my head as if it was but yeſterday."

"Why, you're as bad as the grocer, who is always writing up "*new dates*," againſt act of parliament: three or four months

months back, you told me that it had happened within this *few weeks*, and now you ſay *but* yeſterday. But as it did happen, why it matters not when, ſo long, as the law ſays, it be within the *ſtatue* of *lamentations*: but if the gentleman will pay your expences, and *gild* over the charge, and give you ſatisfaction, why then the matter had better drop——into a bowl of ſomething good."

Henry, who was extremely irritated at the trick which had been played him, advanced rather menacingly towards the conſtable, and inſiſted on liberation, informing him of his father's name, that they were well known on the Luben road, and threatening him with proſecution for their detention.

"Would your conſtableſhip like to *ſcrutify* the things which we took from theſe men at the inn?" ſaid the peace officer.

"Let us ſee," ſaid the conſtable: "a pair of piſtols—they will ſerve to put a man either in fear or out of it, be they loaded or not:

not: then here's a parcel of letters—taken out of the mail, perhaps:—and then here's a book that none of you underſtand—an outlandiſh book—it is *Cæſarii Commenta*—that is about *Seizures upon Commons*:—Pray has there been any robberies on the road lately?"

"Yes, ſir; I remember reading the following advertiſement in *print*: "Whereas two highwaymen lately committed a robbery on Mr. Fryherr and his ſon, on the road leading to Luben; whoever will bring *them* to juſtice, or give intelligence reſpecting them, ſhall have a reward of twenty pounds over and above the ſum allowed by law in ſuch caſes."

"The caſe is plain enough; for what does the paper ſay?—"Robbery on Fryherr and his ſon, whoever will bring *them* to juſtice:"—Here we have them then, the old beau and young beau in *limbo*; I thought we ſhould trace them: as they ſaid, "well enough known on the road;" ſo it is, I dare ſay. Ah, you rogues, you would not compound

pound the buſineſs juſt now—and now the rope ſhall compound the *felony* with you. Place theſe here *great* men within the *bar* there, and to-morrow the magiſtrate ſhall *ſee* what he *thinks* of the end of all this."

Mr. Fryherr and ſon in vain aſſerted that he miſread the advertiſement: as they did not wiſh Mrs. Brun to ſee them in that ſituation, they declined ſending to her till the following morning, and with any other inhabitant they were not ſufficiently acquainted: under theſe circumſtances, they reſolved to wait till the better diſcernment of the juſtice ſhould extricate them from theſe *dark-lanterns* of the law on the following morning. The crowd now diſperſed which had accompanied them, and the young tenant of this new abode entertained his father with the hiſtory of the tranſaction which had given riſe to the preſent malignity of the conſtable's deputy.

Liſſetta, who had learned from her maid that the officer had threatened to have ſatisfaction, did not intend that the joke

ſhould have proceeded farther than merely to alarm them, mentioned a ſhort time afterwards to her mother the officer's reſolution to have ſatisfaction of their viſitors, and was rather uneaſy to hear her deduce a ſuite of conſequences which might enſue from the ſtupidity and malevolence of the man, who would certainly make a *chancery-ſuit* of the buſineſs, and perhaps implicate them in it. Liſſetta therefore now determined in the ſpeedieſt manner to undo what her ſervant had been doing, and ſet off immediately to the inn with her. They took the ſhort route acroſs the fields, and ſhe propoſed to wait at the corner of the lane while the maid went to reconnoitre the ſcene of action, and ſee if Mr. Fryherr and his ſon had been moleſted. The girl ſoon learned that two highwaymen had been taken up, and, willing to gain the beſt intelligence, ſhe travelled on to the watch-houſe, forgetting that her young miſtreſs was alone, and waiting her return.

Hitherto

Hitherto the ſuſceptible and ſterling heart of Liſſetta had eſcaped from the fatal paſſion of love; and fearful that our readers may begin to imagine that we mean to draw a character with ſuch an unnatural and ſtoical defect, we ſhall proceed to depict the circumſtances which wrought the impreſſive change at this juncture: had the maid returned from the inn directly, Liſſetta would not, perhaps, have been in love; but, fortunately for our hiſtory, and the heroine of it, female curioſity did not regard a quarter of an hour's trouble to gratify itſelf, and in that ſpace gave an opportunity for a young man to introduce himſelf, who has been withdrawn a conſiderable time from the ſcene.

CHAP. II.

WHILE Liſſetta's foot was impatiently beating againſt the ground, and her eyes ſtraining to diſcern the approach of her ſervant, ſhe was tapped rudely on the ſhoulder by a tall, handſome, and gay young fellow, who appeared ſomewhat inebriated; he then looked her full in the face, and demanded her permiſſion to conduct her home, and if ſhe was waiting for her lover, to ſuppoſe him the happy man.

Liſſetta replied ſternly in the negative, and begged, if he were a gentleman, that he would go away.

"A gentleman," ſaid he, "I have got all the ſpirit of one, my dear—I only want the purſe.—Now, as I am a deviliſh poor fellow,

fellow, and you ſeem a rich and beautiful prize, I muſt ſecure the treaſure for myſelf; ſo now, my charming girl, take hold of an arm that will either fight for you or aſſiſt you."

"Indeed," ſaid Liſſetta, "I do not underſtand you; but your conduct is very uncivil: I am waiting for a perſon here, and your preſence is wholly unneceſſary; therefore pray, ſir, retire."

"Excuſe me, but I do not ſee much pleaſure in retirement, except it be a ſolitude in which you participate: as to leaving you, though it is true I cannot ſee very far at preſent, I muſt contend that I do ſee an impropriety in quitting my poſt until I am relieved by the more favoured guard whom you expect."

"I am not waiting for any perſon of your deſcription," ſaid Liſſetta, with great ſcorn.

"Why, then, my dear angel, if you are waiting for a non-*deſcript*, I ſhall be the more deſirous to ſee him. You ſeem an

engaging girl, and I ſhould like, if you would engage me, to enter into your ſervice.—But do not be alarmed, becauſe the happineſs of my heart overflows the boundary of my lips: I have been drinking and talking anew with ſome old playfellows of my native village—and having filled my vacant moments up with joy, merriment, and wine, I have reſolved to communicate the hilarity I feel to the firſt fair one I meet: ſo, without any more reſerve, take me into your boſom, and be as good a *chriſtian* as old father Abraham was!"

Liſſetta, finding it was in vain to remonſtrate, and that her ſituation was not likely to be amended by the re-appearance of her ſervant, determined to ſtep forward and regain the road as ſoon as poſſible; while the ſtranger followed at a little diſtance: ſhe had not advanced far when he heard ſomething ruſh from the hedge ſide, and the voice of the young lady uttered an exclamation of terror. He flew to the ſpot at the moment Liſſetta was placing her pocket-

pocket-book and purſe in the hand of a robber.

The unexpected interruption of a blow which he made at the footpad, with his ſtick, had the effect to make the one drop his booty, and to facilitate Liſſetta's flight. Her protector picked up the articles, and immediately after purſued the object whom he had ſo diſtintereſtedly aſſiſted. Fear added wings to her flight, and the faſter he ran, the quicker ſhe moved, till, overcome with fatigue, he came up with her, and again offered his ſervices, and that protection which ſhe had at firſt fled from; and which ſhe now accepted.

The harmleſs ſtranger then laid hold of her arm, and endeavoured to be as apologizing and amuſing as his inebriated articulation would permit. At length, Liſſetta reached her own door, and lifted up her hand to ring the bell; while our ſpark, declaring that he would have a ſalute for his diſcharge, caught her forcibly in his arms.

Liſſetta had juſt exclaimed againſt this unlicenced freedom, and was endeavouring to extricate herſelf, when the patrole guard came up, and, without ceremony, ſaid—"Oh—what you want to rob the lady, do you?" and with the flat ſide of a ſabre, gave him a ſalute on the ſhoulder, that made him recoil ſome paces.

Liſſetta's tone in a moment was changed, and ſhe demanded by what authority he dared to ſtrike a perſon who had committed no offence againſt him?"

Her mother had now opened the door, and was equally aſtoniſhed to ſee Liſſetta dealing out her angry rhetoric to the guard for his brutal interference, and enquired of him how it happened.

The patrole ſoon turned the arguments againſt the young lady, and replied:

"Why, madam, if Miſs did not want help, why did ſhe cry out; and if ſhe *likes* to be forced and kiſſed *againſt her will*, why did not ſhe ſay ſo? We does not know how always to take things—ſo I juſt took

took him a ſtroke to explain as how he ought to know civility, and he lies there quiet enough now."

The grateful mother thanked the patrole for his tenderneſs in taking care of her daughter, without any more ſuſpicion than the reader has, that it was this vigilant guardian, who had, in diſguiſe, thought to make her his eaſy prey: ſhe then ſhut the door upon the culprit, to know how and all about it; and to queſtion her gently, if this was not rather the buſineſs ſhe went out about than that of the Fryherrs.

The maid arrived in ten minutes after, out of breath, and big with a thouſand apprehenſions for her young miſtreſs, whom ſhe waited and bawled for on the ſpot where ſhe had left her, till ſhe was tired.

The news which this conſolatory damſel brought was, that they had been taken from the inn, lodged in the watchhouſe, and were to be brought to trial at the juſtice's on the following morning.

Liſſetta then retired to her ſlumbers, upon a pillow into which love had inſerted ſome of the moſt downy and ſoft feathers from his wing.

Now it ſo happened that the young fellow, whom the guard had declared, "laid quiet enough now," had recovered himſelf by the time the door was cloſed, and, advancing with indignation, he aimed a violent blow with his ſtick, which, the guard not expecting, received with its full compliment upon his ſhoulder, and was placed in his turn at the foot of his adverſary.

The comrades were ſoon alarmed by his outcry of thief, and a purſuit took place, which terminated in the caption of the fugitive: in the ſcuffle, however, the hats of both parties had fallen off, and the young gentleman, in the confuſion and darkneſs, ſeized the firſt he found. The aſſailant was then conducted by the whole military group, to the watch-houſe, amidſt the paraphernalia of ſwords, muſkets, and bayonets, and all the honours (perhaps we might

might ſubſtitute a better word of nearly a ſimilar ſound—*horrors)* of civic war.

When he was conducted to this den of juſtice, the ſame preſidential conſtable as mentioned before, demanded if they had brought another Barabbas, as he was conducted by a *centurion* of the guard.

" Yes, ſir," replied the guard. " I do not know, as your honour aſks, if his name be Mr. *Barbarous* or Mr. Be—rob—us, but I can anſwer, as you ſay, that I am the *ſentry*, and that we have detected him with raiſing a ſcuffile and ſecreting that hat *upon his head*; and that your worſhip knows is privately ſtealing."

The man then ſtepped forward to whom the hat belonged, and obſerved that his worſhip would find his head was juſt a match for the robber's, for it ſeemed to fit him as tight as a halter!"

This jeu d'eſprit raiſed a broad laugh, which was checked by the conſtable demanding what he had to urge to ſuch a

crowd of witneſſes, in defence of his conduct.

Our unfortunate had not imagined that from the ſimple act of ſtealing a kiſs from Liſſetta, he was to be accuſed of a more ſerious purloining. His flight with the ſoldier's hat on was a clear proof of his delinquency; and he urged in his reply, that he reſided in the houſe of an honeſt Bourgeois, and that if he had taken a wrong hat by miſtake, he had left the pledge of his own for it. This, however, was ſcouted, and it was propoſed, a deputation ſhould go to the ſpot to aſcertain if any hat was on the ground.

The deputation when it returned had diſcovered no hat—and a very aſſignable reaſon can be given for this failure—the deputation had ſecured the proſtrate beaver of the gentleman from one of his comrades. Upon the delivery of this intelligence, the conſtable, in the depth of thought, knocking out the burning aſhes of his pipe againſt the leg of a by-ſtander, lodged the fiery contents in

in his ſhoe, whoſe feeling exclamations could not be ſilenced till this ſon of juſtice ſaid he ſhould order him into confinement for breaking the peace, if he continued his howlings. The conſtable now delivered an opinion, that ſince the hat could not be found, he doubted whether he had a hat at all; and upon hearing a recital of the affair from the commencement, pronounced that he ſaw his head would bring his neck into danger, and that he muſt *couple* him with the two *inſide paſſengers* till he knew what bail he could procure.—Nobody cared to be bail, and the embarraſſed youth, for the firſt time in his life, was uſhered into confinement. He ſurveyed his ſituation with the leſs dread, knowing that if his companions were highwaymen or footpads, they could not take more from him than the myrmidons of juſtice had done in the ſcuffle.

The cauſe of the inebriation of our impriſoned rake was perfectly natural, and had its ſource in the overflowing of a tender heart, and the remembrance of thoſe he eſteemed

teemed in the village that had borne his ſteps from infancy through the firſt half of life.—Some old play-fellows had, in paſſing through Frankfort, brought him a letter, a watch in good preſervation, and ſome ſermons, from the poor curate of Grunen, and requeſted to ſpend an afternoon with him previous to their departure at a pleaſant ſpot, a ſhort diſtance from the town. The temptation could not be reſiſted, and he determined that no obſtacle ſhould compound with his inclination. He, therefore, out of reſpect to himſelf and his friends, arrayed himſelf in his beſt apparel, and at night, under cover of the darkneſs, looked ſo well, —that

" E'en humility would have confeſt
The ſilken peer look'd not more bravely dreſt!"

As the act of his going out had been obtained with the reſtriction of an early return, he determined, when he found the liquor would be more potent than his reſiſtance, to retire ;

retire; which he effected, under the promiſe of a ſpeedy return.

The ſpirits it is generally admitted are elevated by a moderate quantity of wine, and he had drank juſt enough to make him harmleſsly amorous in his miſconception of Liſſetta's ſituation, without the moſt diſtant intention of inſulting her: nor was Liſſetta *much* affronted with the *impudent* fellow; ſhe placed the *gaîeté de cœur*, which would have raviſhed a kiſs from her, to the influence of the jolly God, and lamented that the blow he received had been ſo much heavier than the imaginary miſchief ſhe had experienced. On the other hand, when ſhe balanced the goodneſs of his heart and the gallantry of her reſcue with the worth of the pocket-book and purſe which ſhe had recovered; there was no compariſon in their relative values, otherwiſe than as one might reward the other. She deteſted any thing that look-ed like prejudice or perſecution, and thought her mother exemplified the deformed fea-tures of each very ſtrongly in the ſeverity of remarks upon this unimportant affair.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

THE two young men, whoſe ſituations being founded on miſtake, were ſimilar, after a few ſuſpicious glances at each other, perceived they were much better acquainted than they at firſt imagined, having been introduced to each other by Liſſetta, when ſhe found the peace-officer was incompetent to extricate her from the *cloven* foot of Henry Fryherr, in his firſt matrimonial expedition.—Explanations ſucceeded to ſuſpicion; the variety of converſation ſhortened ſome hours of uncomfortableneſs, and left them with a favourable preſentiment of each other's diſpoſition—the young inebriate adviſing Mr. Fryherr to diſpatch a requeſt as early as poſſible for the attendance of Mrs. Brun and Liſſetta at the public-office.

No

No other evidence being adduced but what was drawn from the conſtable, the juſtice aſked the officer on the grounds which had made him proceed to ſuch a length. "Do you think," ſaid he, ſternly, "that your ſtupidity is juſtifiable in bringing two gentlemen here upon merely finding in their poſſeſſion two letters, one of which is to a reſpectable farmer in the neighbourhood, a pair of unſerviceable piſtols, and a Commentary of Cæſar?"

"Your worſhip," ſaid the conſtable, "it is my buſineſs to *perduce* the letters, and not to inſpect them, becauſe that is *breaking open*;—beſides which, I cannot read:—then as to the piſtols—though your worſhip may think the *lighter* of them for not being *loaded*, I thought there was the more room for their being ſo;—and laſtly, as to the book, if your worſhip is *at home* in it, why it was all *foreign* to me."

Liſſetta, her mother, and old Martin, who had been ſent to, next ſtepped forward, and proved the reſpectability of their friend, and

and that private buſineſs, the nature of which was indirectly expoſed, was the cauſe of their being at the inn. The party drew on one ſide, and while the intereſting particulars were canvaſſed over to the amuſement of Liſſetta and Ella, the former felt her heart ſuddenly convulſed by another object, who was now brought forward, and whoſe young, genteel, and looſe diſhevelled appearance marked him for the agreeable intruder of the previous night, and the young volunteer who had on a former evening extricated her with ſo much addreſs from the rudeneſs of Henry Fryherr.

He was now introduced in his turn to have a hearing; and Liſſetta, who felt herſelf implicated in the event of the buſineſs, would, if it had been poſſible, have willingly excuſed him from miſbehaviour to her. Her party retired juſt as the charge was being opened. The guard averred with unbluſhing front, that, in reſcuing a young lady, who he ſuppoſed he was about to rob, the priſoner turned upon him, and would from the blow

he

he had already received, perhaps, have murdered him, if his brother comrades had not interfered; and he appealed to one of the ſoldiers in verification of his ſtory.

A middle aged and reſpectable gentleman, of the name of Edel, who was hid among the crowd, then ſtepped forward, and obſerved that he had chanced to ſpend an hour in the ſame houſe where the priſoner was, and from the conduct and converſation of the young man, he was the laſt perſon on whom he ſhould ſuppoſe ſuch an accuſation would attach. Addreſſing the guard, he ſaid, "Pray, had the hat you have loſt a feather in it?"

"Yes," replied the other."

"Then," replied Mr. Edel, "in paſſing at the hour laſt night of the robbery, not far diſtant from it I ſaw a hat and feather delivered in haſte, at a corner houſe of the ſtreet, and the deliverer of it immediately ran up the ſtreet again."

"Ah!" ſaid the ſoldier, ſtepping forward, "it my belief you are concerned; but you do not know that I live there, and

that

that I muſt have known it—but his worſhip will ſee through it."

"You are right," ſaid his worſhip, "for his words are an impeachment upon you; and it is my duty not only to puniſh every offender, but to clear your character. I ſhall order that you both may be detained till I have convinced this gentleman by ſending a meſſenger to ſearch your lodgings, that no ſuch thing is in your poſſeſſion."

The perſon who was ſent ſpeedily returned, and depoſited the hat and feather of the ſerjeant, with the watch of the young gentleman inſide. Without heſitation the juſtice ordered the delinquent to be detained; cautioned the guard to behave with leſs precipitation in future, and reprimanded the conſtable:—He then apologiſed to the injured party, who, with his friendly witneſs, adjourned.

The liberated youth expreſſed his great obligation to Mr. Edel, his providential deliverer, for his kind interference, and with a proffer of paying off his civility, if fortune

fortune ſhould ever place the opportunity in his way, they parted. When he reached home, and reflected ſeriouſly on the improper behaviour he had been guilty of to a reſpectable young lady, he determined to write an apology for his miſconduct.—Accordingly, having obtained the place of abode of the offended fair, he ſent the following ſhort note:—

"He who was the unhandſome cauſe of giving diſquietude to the inſulted ſubject of this letter, takes this method of offering an apology for his imprudence. He has no excuſe to preſent in palliation of this boldneſs, but ſuch as will convey no credit to him. The arrival of two friends from the village of Grunen, the place of his younger years, occaſioned that hilarity which ended in inebriation; he therefore hopes, that the goodneſs of the young lady will pardon him this time, and not attribute his error to an habitual defect; and ſhe may reſt aſſured, that, not only does he value the detention and

exami-

examination he has undergone leſs than her diſpleaſure, but, that he would fly rather with the wings of ſpeed to offer her a year of ſervice, than give her a moment's uneaſinſes.

(Signed) HORATIO HEILIGKEIT."

We have now opened to the reader a name which we are certain muſt excite his attention, and carry the mind back to the poor, induſtrious, and eſtimable ſervant of Mr. Schmelt, who was the author of the offence and apology. Liſſetta received the note, and liked the hand-writing and contents of it, but ſhe did more when ſhe coupled the name of the village with Horatio!—"Good heaven!" ſhe exclaimed, "it muſt be the ſame—it muſt be my old play-fellow and tormentor, Horatio, of Holſtein; at that time he was the prettieſt boy among them,—and merely on account of juvenile friendſhip I will go and ſee him."

"Who will you go and ſee?" ſaid her mother, entering while ſhe ſtill held the letter.

"The

"The Abbé," ſaid Liſſetta; "I will go and confeſs to him."

"Well, ſo you ſhall," ſaid her mother; "but firſt let me look at this letter:" and ſhe caught it from her hand. She then pulled out her preſervers from a green ſilk bag, and, with an equal clearneſs of ſight and ſenſe, proceeded to comment upon the epiſtle: ſhe declared that it was little leſs than a ſcheme to rob the houſe; and that it had plain from what he ſaid, that he had been confined and examined, and ſhe ſuppoſed was eſcaped from juſtice; but who this *Speed* was, whom he was to fly with, ſhe could not tell, unleſs he was to aſſiſt in carrying off Liſſetta, or was one of the friends from the village, with whom he had got drunk—and which drunkenneſs ſhe could clearly make out was the cauſe of ſome plan having failed between Liſſetta and her ſpark. Nevertheleſs, as ſhe did not completely underſtand it, ſhe would give it to the good Abbé, who would take meaſures to prevent any bad conſequences from it.

Now

Now it will not be unneceſſary to obſerve that the human mind is very fond of contradiction, and deducing oppoſite concluſions from the ſame *data*; Liſſetta put a negative upon all her mother's affirmatives, and her heart correſponded with her tongue. Her fears had been more from the ſuddenneſs of Horatio's attack, than from an apprehenſion of violence; and the little communication ſhe had with mankind, and the unfavourable pictures drawn by her mother and the prudent Abbé, had raiſed an alarm in her boſom which was not the reſult of her feelings, but their inſtruction; and at this moment, when ſhe was in the belief that the offender was actually one whom ſhe had felt a penchant for in childhood, her prudence and her inclination ſhe foreſaw would have ſome warm contentions; and though the former had now the aſcendancy, it would not long be able to guard the fortreſs againſt the latter. She pitied the conſequences which had followed her fooliſh exclamation at the door; ſhe read with pleaſure his exculpatory note,

and

and determined that, if fate ſhould place her under the ſame circumſtances, Horatio ſhould not a ſecond time be ſubject to interruption.

In the mean time, while theſe reflections were paſſing at Liſſetta's, Mr. Fryherr determined to bring the buſineſs of his journey to a ſpeedy deciſion. His continuance in the town and at the inn would be attended with a number of gaping viſitors, and therefore, in the afternoon, he walked to the farmer's, and, after a round-about introduction, informed Martin and Ella, who had returned to the farmer's, that he was come to bring matters to a point, and this was to know when ſhe would marry his ſon?

"That," replied Ella, "will never be, and this is bringing a long time into a ſhort ſpace."

"And what is your reaſon for delaying it ſo long?" ſaid the father.

"Becauſe," ſaid Ella, "I like to look before I *leap*; and, farther, I ſhould not like

to take even a ſtep, much leſs a matrimonial journey with him!"

The negociation then was cloſed, Mr. Fryherr declaring that he would not receive her final rejection till La Somme had ſanctioned it.

When they prepared to depart, Ella requeſted that he would carry a letter to La Somme from her; and the farmer aſked Ella if ſhe would not like to accompany her friends to her father. This was declined as being unpleaſant and improper, and produced a determination in Martin to ſend a note to La Somme by the ſame conveyance.

Very different were the complexions of theſe two letters. Ella detailed the cauſes which had made her refuſe her dear guardian's kindneſs, and pointed out the ſame matrimonial adventure young Fryherr had played with her friend. She then mentioned that Sterndorff had come to the village for the expreſs purpoſe of an interview with him, and that his chagrin at his abſence was extreme. That the time paſſed pleaſantly with

with the viſits of Liſſetta; and that ſhe coveted only his preſence to add to them.

Martin's, *vice verſa*, ſtated that the ſame officer had found her out, and had had an interview with her, which, with a pocket-book ſhe had received from him, he had detected: that the gentleman had not made his appearance at the farm, and that he could not aſcertain how often they might have interviews, as he could not prohibit Ella from going to ſee her friend: he therefore wiſhed, as Ella was averſe to accompanying Mr. Fryherr, that he would, as ſoon as convenient, take her again into his own charge, or commiſſion him to ſend her to Luben.

Ella felt relieved by the letter ſhe had written, and ſo did the farmer. Now, thought Ella, having paſſed this perplexity, ſurely there will be no other occur for ſome time. This hope had evidently a reference to the intended excurſion with her dear Sterndorff, with whom, on the third day followings ſhe was to ſpend one of the moſt pleaſant of her life. Ella had previouſly

taken care to tell Martin, that by Liſſetta's appointment ſhe was to go early in the morning, and that if he did not come for her at night, Liſſetta would ſend her ſervant with her, though ſhe evidently ſhould prefer his company. Martin raiſed no obſtruction, as he entertained no ſuſpicion, under a requeſt that he would be her eſcort from her friend's houſe. On the night, however, preceding Ella's fête day, a letter arrived from La Somme, addreſſed to farmer Martin, the contents of which were conformable to the wiſh he had expreſſed that he would remove Ella to his reſidence, or ſee her ſafely in a poſt chaiſe for that purpoſe on the following day; he farther conjured him to mention his injunction in the moſt tender manner to her; and as an additional ſtimulus for her preſence, to tell her that the gout had made its appearance in his foot, and that he ſhould ſuffer his temporary confinement with leſs pain if ſhe were the attendant.

Martin kept the letter, and informed her of the order he had received, and the affliction

tion under which La Somme ſuffered. Ella expreſſed her aſtoniſhment at the receipt of it ſo ſuddenly, and lamented affectionately the ſituation of La Somme, but ſaid nothing of her own chagrin and vexation, which was infinitely greater for herſelf.—" Dear ſir," ſaid ſhe, " you need not preſs me to go, nor trouble yourſelf to accompany me: my duty tells me there ſhould be no delay in the firſt, and the latter is a trouble I would not ſuffer you to endure. I am only ſorry that my haſte will preclude ſpending to-morrow with Liſſetta, which, as it will be a parting day, I ſhould have dedicated to her:—but I determine to act in whatever manner you think beſt."

Ella here touched the right ſtring, for the farmer's tongue immediately uttered a tone in uniſon with it—" As to that, my dear," ſaid he, " the delay of one day will not retard or effect the good La Somme's cure; and when I inform him of the pleaſure you will feel in ſpending your laſt day of reſidence at the farm with your friend, he

will rather applaud than condemn the delay: —all that he requires is, that you arrive ſafely at Mr. Fryherr's houſe, about fifteen miles from Luben, and for which I am to provide the neceſſary conveyance."

"You are very good, ſir," ſaid Ella; "I thank you as much for the delay of to-morrow as I ſhall to provide me with the quickeſt means of travelling afterwards."

At length the bleſſed morning came which was to give Ella a few hours, uninterrupted, with Sterndorff. She aroſe earlier than her uſual hour, and, after ſhe had breakfaſted at the farm, ſhe eſcaped from their view, and traverſed the route which was appointed as the place of rendezvous.

Faithful as the return of day, and gay as the morning, ſhe ſoon beheld the carriage repairing to the appointed place. She flew acroſs the meadow to it, and by the time ſhe had mounted the ſtile to deſcend into the road, Sterndorff was at the foot of it; and when ſhe jumped he caught her in his arms: he preſſed her cloſely, and kiſſed her,

her, and before he had time to enquire of her health, he had mounted in her the vehicle, and a veſtige of the aſſignation, in a few moments, was not to be diſcovered.

It will not be neceſſary to detail the operations which conſtituted the amuſement of the day. They rode to a diſtance of twenty miles, the reſidence of a nobleman, and one of the moſt beautiful views of land and water extant. Every thing was prepared of the moſt delicious viands, and the reſpect and attention of her lover were ſo many ſpiculæ that penetrated the whole ſyſtem; and, as the preſs of delight and paſſion ruſhed on, Ella told Sterndorff, by her looks, that ſhe had more confidence in his honour than the diſcernment of her guardian, of Martin, or of Liſſetta.

" Could you," ſaid Sterndorff, " leave your father to find happineſs in the matrimonial honour of true affection ?"

" My father !" ſaid Ella: " if either of us muſt be unhappy, nature and ſelf-love, that firſt principle, point out that he has fewer

years to live than I have, and more philoſophy to bear the evil, if it be ſo:—but, Sterndorff, I tell you a ſecret I learned lately,—he is not my father! I am an orphan! He has threatened to reject me if I encouraged your viſits!"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Sterndorff: "La Somme not your father! and you but his—foundling—his—object of charity!"

"Nothing more: I am ſure he loves me dearly—but do not you love me better! If I loſe him, (and yet I hope not, for it would wring his heart) ſhall I not find a father and huſband in you?"

"Can you doubt it?" ſaid Sterndorff, and he begged her to turn the converſation from a theme which had given him only a greater opportunity of exhibiting his ſincerity, and Ella of manifeſting her confidence.

It was natural that the ardour of the lovers ſhould be diminiſhed, when Ella, in returning, detailed the dreadful ſummons of the preceding evening; and her anxiety was increaſed

increaſed when ſhe heard Sterndorff deliberately adviſe her to make her engagement good, with the moſt apparent cheerfulneſs, and depart on the morrow.

He ſuggeſted to her, on her enquiry, that a ſhort time would explain this advice to her ſatisfaction; and that ſhe might rely upon it, that the plan he had in view was conducive to the happineſs of both.

Ella believed him: at an early hour, to avoid ſuſpicion, they arrived at the ſtile where ſhe had mounted: they looked, they embraced; and Sterndorff ſwore he would be with her earlier than ſhe might expect. Ella vaniſhed behind the leafy hedge, and in a ſhort time reached Liſſetta's, who learned with regret the confinement under which La Somme laid, and the neceſſity there was for parting with her friend.

Ella's apparent anxiety to fly to her guardian gave Liſſetta pleaſure; and though ſhe had diſapproved highly of the excurſion, nevertheleſs ſhe concluded that Ella's duty was ſtill ſuperior to her love.

Ella, when the night approached, took leave of her friend with a heavy heart, and with a thouſand promiſes of ſeeing and writing to her the firſt opportunity. The parting with her lover juſt before, and the uncertainty when ſhe might again ſee the rigid, yet amiable Liſſetta, afflicted her mind, and ſhe drew a few tears from the ſpring of remembrance, which the hilarity and amuſement of the day ſeemed for ever to have dried up.

The farmer came *in propria perſonæ* to conduct her home; and informed her that he had engaged the beſt horſes, and moſt careful driver, for her accommodation, and that he did not conceive his preſence would render her more ſafe.

Ella thanked him for what he had done; and, when the following morning arrived, the good Martin conducted her to the inn, and affectionately took his leave of her, following the chaiſe with his eye till the aid of his ſpectacles no longer could diſcern it; he then turned round on his heel, and ejaculated

lated forth a ſhort prayer that heaven would make her as *prudent* as ſhe was *pretty*.

When they arrived at the half-way-houſe, Ella alighted to take ſome refreſhment, and was penſively ſitting, with her eyes fixed on the locket, which was pendant from her neck, and reading to herſelf a volume of conſolation on its motto, *Fidelity!* at the moment that the door opened, and the gay figure of Sterndorff entered. Her eyes were directly irradiated; the *penſeroſo* changed into the *allegro*; and ſhe ſtretched forth her hand, with a note of admiration from her tongue, "Dear Sterndorff! I did not think to ſee you ſo ſoon! Did you come on purpoſe?"

"Yes, my angel," replied Sterndorff; "I came on purpoſe, and for the beſt of purpoſes—to conduct you myſelf!"

"It is very dull travelling alone," ſaid Ella; "I thought the few miles I have paſſed very long; and I ſhall ſoon think thoſe which are to come too ſhort."

"You ſhall not think ſo my life," ſaid

Sterndorff; "there is no neceſſity for your arrival at Fryherr's to-morrow, nor even the next day; nor will La Somme be ſurpriſed that you ſtay: I have brought a chaiſe and pair on purpoſe, and we will, at leaſt, enjoy the hours of a ſhort paradiſe before La Somme, in the ſhape of autumn, robs us of its flowers and foliage."

Ella threw her eyes upon the floor, and was about to make a reply, when Sterndorff hid the ſound with a kiſs, and vowed that the ſting of a refuſal could not dwell on the honey of her lips. He then caught her hand, which was raiſing itſelf to her eye, and preſſed it to his heart, ſwearing that if ſhe preferred journeying on to La Somme, he would inſtantly conduct her.

Ella immediately concealed the tear in a tender ſmile, and, claſping the vacant hand of her lover, declared that when he poſſeſſed both heart and hand her reſiſtance to his wiſhes was impoſſible.

Such is the period, and ſuch the progreſs of Ella, to which we have in the courſe of our

our hiſtory arrived. We ſhall now conſign our imprudent fair one to the protection of her lover, juſt informing our readers, that from certain cauſes ſhe never arrived at Luben to bleſs the eyes of La Somme! In the mean time we ſhall pay our reſpects to thoſe in whom we are no leſs concerned.

CHAP. IV.

SUCH a groſs derilection of conduct in the abſence of all night of Horatio excited various apprehenſions in the Niederkoffian family; and, when his appearance after liberation had given them an opportunity of making the neceſſary interrogatories, Miſs was diſpatched for the truth of the account to the young lady who was the ſubject of them. Each of the parties felt ſome intereſt in the ſame perſon, it is therefore leſs

ſur-

ſurpriſing, that, when Liſſetta underſtood the nature of Miſs Suſan's miſſion, ſhe removed the culpability from Horatio, and placed it on the guard.

Liſſetta and her mother preſſed their viſitor ſo warmly to ſtay tea that ſhe conſented; and this produced a ſimilar invitation in return,—an object, which Liſſetta, in the leaſt ſuſpicious manner, wiſhed to accompliſh: and, when Liſſetta, by appointment, went to ſee Miſs Niederkoff the next week, ſhe concealed the oſtenſible reaſon by her wiſh to aſcertain if it was the ſame perſon who had formerly lived in the village where ſhe had been at boarding-ſchool.—The viſits of the two friends became ſoon very frequent, without a grain of diſintereſted friendſhip for each other: when Miſs Niederkoff viſited Liſſetta, nobody could ſo ſafely conduct her home as Horatio, and Liſſetta in return conferred the ſame honour upon him.

The ſhortneſs of occaſional interviews has preſerved many a heart, while the frequency of

of intercourſe has captivated it. Horatio was the ſame he ever was:—he was brave, handſome, and ſenſible—but indigent: he attended at the maſs where ſhe heard morning ſervice, and at evening he paid his humble reſpects, on the ſcore *merely* of a former juvenile friendſhip for Liſſetta. Very ſeldom was he admitted into the houſe, becauſe Mrs. Brun was afraid of all male creatures; and the Abbé did not like encouragement to be ſhewn to young men of a heterodox perſuaſion, and a weightier reaſon than all theſe ſhut the door againſt him—he was a poor fellow, ſon of a poor curate,—and no good could come out of Nazareth! But Liſſetta was gradually beginning to think otherwiſe—ſhe ſaw no objection to coming from Nazareth herſelf.—At the firſt appearance at Niederkoff's of Liſſetta, and her enquiries if he were the perſon who had been her play-fellow at the village, the cheeks of Horatio bluſhed; and when ſhe jokingly ſaid that ſhe would ſend the old parſon word of the practice by which he recommended himſelf

to

to her good graces, he was overwhelmed with confuſion: when Liſſetta preſented herſelf in her march through the ſhop, the eyes of Horatio were rivetted on her. The change from infancy to womanhood was ſtriking:—the pretty opening bud now unfolded itſelf, and was become a firm, fair, and correct flower: nor was the open viſage and graceful figure of Horatio leſs impreſſive on the mind of Liſſetta. The ſituations of the two differed leſs in mind and body than in eſtate: the lady was known to poſſeſs, on certain conditions, a great deal of that of which Horatio poſſeſſed none. This placed a gulf between them which abſorbed the hopes of the young man. The improbability of advancing himſelf from his connexions was a block that he ſtumbled upon, and which, neither the prayers of parſon Heiligkeit, nor the friendly profeſſions of Mr. Schmelt, would remove.

The viciſſitudes of life are not the offſpring of choice, but of neceſſity. They are the dark-lantern, which, as it turns round, throws

throws a radiance on this part, and obſcurity on that: they are like a diamond-cut glaſs which multiplies objects without increaſing them, and ſtrains the eye which it deceives: they are the *dies* upon which you may calculate the chances, but are never ſure of a good hit. It was this whirligig movement which now produced ſeveral momentous alterations in the families of the Heiligkeits, the Schmelts, and the Niederkoff's. Mr. Schmelt was about this period attacked by a violent fit of the gout in the ſtomach: he had received ſeveral intimations before of the attachment it had to him; and now it ſeemed to have taken *for life* poſſeſſion of the premiſes. Mr. Schmelt ſent immediately for the parſon and his wife; and the latter earneſtly prayed that it might be beneficial to them.

The ſick man, from the alarming progreſs of his diſorder, thought it would be prudent and right to make his will, and, when the parſon and he were alone together, Mr. Schmelt, in a ſlow and interrupted accent, un-

unburthened a number of illicit proceedings, and particularly the manner in which he had acquired his property. The paſtor ſpoke the language of peace and hope to his tortured mind, and adviſed him to render the poor relations of the *bon vivant* the whole of what he was worth, to indemnify them for the time they had loſt.

It muſt be remarked that Mrs. Heiligkeit, from ſome uneaſy apprehenſions, which ſhe concealed under the certainty that no one would ſo tenderly nurſe Mr. Schmelt as herſelf, had reſolved that no ſecret converſations ſhould take place between the dying man and her huſband at which ſhe was not preſent. At this juncture, therefore, ſhe entered the room, and while ſhe applauded the piety of Mr. Schmelt's intentions, hoped that their dear friend would not forget her ſon, who had lately enquired moſt affectionately after him by letter.

"Nor my dear boy, Horatio," ſaid the curate. "He has no friends but his virtue and myſelf."

"I

" I thank you, my reverend father," ſaid the invalid, " the boy ſhall not be forgotten :—he was an innocent ſufferer once—I feel how keenly the reflection cuts me.—Come nearer my injured friend, and let me confeſs—but firſt, if you will not promiſe me your free forgiveneſs, I will carry *all* the ſecret with me into the other world."

The good curate graſped his hand, and ſaid he would frankly excuſe him any *crime* but *atheiſm*.

It was highly imprudent in Mrs. Heiligkeit to touch upon this tender ſtring of her illicit connexion, when the fates were about to cut the thread of life—but " *great wits will ſometimes heedleſsly offend*," and the worthy woman certainly did it for the beſt.

The introductory words " know, then," had juſt iſſued from Mr. Schmelt's lips, when Mrs. Heiligkeit ſuddenly turned her *derriere* againſt the table, in the act of paſſing between it and the fire-place, and it fell with the whole collection of medicaments, phials, boluſſes, the great folio ledger, the quarto

quarto bible, &c.; and, what was of more miſchievous tendency, it alighted on the corny toe of her huſband, and occaſioned the moſt acute contortions and exclamations, while his lady wept *behind her handkerchief* at the misfortune which her attentions and hurry had lead her into.

The feeling penitent adviſed his ghoſtly counſellor to be blooded, and to get ſome *German* corn-plaſter; while the parſon inſiſted that he would take himſelf to the doctor to reinſtate the medicines loſt by this unlucky diſaſter. His wife ſeconded his reſolution, and the ſpirit being, as it had ever been with him, much ſtronger than the fleſh, he hobbled out of the houſe, and, on his return, care was taken to inform him that Mr. Schmelt could not renew his confeſſion as he had fallen into a doſe,

Good reader, you muſt underſtand, if you have not already conceived, that the whole of the accident was a manœuvre of Mrs. Heiligkeit. Finding that conſcience was ready to diſcloſe what ſhe thought might as well

well be kept to herſelf, ſhe very properly overſet the table, and produced a better effect without ſuſpicion, than ſhe could have done by verbal interruption; beſides, ſhe wanted to remove her huſband, and to take the management under her own controul. She, therefore, when he came laden with boxes of pills and pint bottles, deſired him not to come there, haſtening the poor man out of his life, but when he was fit to talk, about dying, ſhe would ſend for him.

It happened that Mr. Schmelt, wiſhing, from the knowledge he had experimentally gathered himſelf of the facility of deceiving a dying teſtator, to have his will made *according to law*, deſired that the village attorney might be ſent for; but Mrs. Heiligkeit ordered the meſſenger to proceed to a perſon who was a ſide-admirer of her own, and had lately come to the village. The buſineſs required promptitude, and *her* friend directly attended.

To the relations of his former lodger Schmelt left the major part of what he was worth;

worth; to the good parſon all his books, clothes, and 50l. in money; and to Horatio Heiligkeit, whom he knew by no other name, the ſum of 1000l. to be depoſited in the hands of the curate, for his unlimited uſe.

The particulars of the will were punctually and accurately drawn up, and Mr. Schmelt determined himſelf to certify what he ſigned. This was done in the preſence of the lawyer and Mrs. H. who were competent to its authority. The lawyer then aſked for the other monied and funded ſecurities, with the leaſes, that he might inſpect them; to which Mr. Schmelt had no objection, as the will, in which old Heiligkeit was appointed ſole executor, he had ſeen ſafely locked up, and the key given into the parſon's poſſeſſion, who took it home with him. This precaution was taken at the lawyer's inſtance, that no one might purloin the will, and Mrs. Heiligkeit was aiding and aſſiſting.

Mrs. Heiligheit, when the buſineſs was finiſhed,

finiſhed, purſued her friend down ſtairs, and aſked if ſhe had been well remembered.

Your huſband is ſole executor," ſaid he: "to yourſelf he has left nothing but *mourning*; and Horatio has a handſome ſum for a legacy!"

"Handſome he that handſome does!" exclaimed Mrs. Heiligheit. "He ſurely might have left me an independency, as eaſily as the want of it, while he was about it: but ſuch favours as I have conferred on him! and ſuch ingratitude will meet its reward!"

"I underſtand you," ſaid the lawyer; "and I am certain that if the ſame had been conferred on me, I ſhould have proved more deſerving of them: but come a little this way; I think we can underſtand one another preſently; you are a woman of penetration, handſome, and young enough to enjoy more of life than you do with your old ſpark, who is only fit for the place he ſermonizes ſo much upon!"

"Go,"

"Go," ſaid Mrs. Heiligheit, "you are a baſe man to hint at ſuch a thing:—for the world I would not"—But as the dialogue was very deſultory, and in a whiſper, we could gather no more of it than the above ſentences.

The benevolence of the curate was ſo inflated with joy at Horatio's good fortune, that it annoyed the ears of his wife; and when he returned thanks for the bounty of Providence at his *ſcanty* table, Horatio's good fortune made a part of the grace.—Immediately that his wife, in an ill-humour, had ſtated what the boy Horatio was to receive, the good man ſent off the intelligence to him, bidding him to be grateful to God, and beware of the danger of riches.

The letter had its full effect on the poor object of it. He exhibited it to all thoſe who he thought would rejoice in his good fortune,—to the family of the Neiderkoffs,—to their former porter Trag,—to Liſſetta, and to thoſe who had eſteemed him lightly.—He now met with a ſmile where he had only

only ſeen a ſterile viſage; the lips opened to him which had been contracted—Liſſetta, alone, when he delivered the curate's letter to her, aſſumed a ſerious look.

"Horatio," ſaid ſhe, "fortune has deprived me by Schmelt's will of rendering you that aſſiſtance which your merit and our long acquaintance had a claim to—I feel that you are about to enter upon a new character, and the temptations incident to it.—Sudden elevations, ſo fatal to the inexperienced, I hope will fix you the more firmly in my eſteem."

"Admirable Liſſetta," ſaid Horatio, "I conſider this legacy as the paſſport to your mother's favour, and as the earneſt of new inducements to ſecure your virtuous approbation and my ultimate happineſs!"

However Liſſetta might appear indifferent to Horatio upon his good fortune, (perhaps to convince him that money was not the deity ſhe worſhipped) ſhe told her mother with as much rapture in her countenance as if ſhe had found a mine of precious metals,

or had learned that Ella was united to Albert. —One thouſand louis had a chirurgical effect on Mrs. Brun's ears, who never admitted the name of Horatio on one ſide of her head without letting it eſcape at the other.

Mr. Schmelt gradually grew worſe, and towards the evening he requeſted that ſome of the neareſt relations of his former friend, the *bon vivant*, might be ſent for. When they came, he earneſtly aſked forgiveneſs for what he had done, and informed them that he had endeavoured to act in the moſt equitable manner towards them. They prayed in return that his life might be ſpared, and by the time they had all adjourned to *lament in ſecret* the good hopes they had from what he had declared to them, the ſinking man became ſpeechleſs, and at midnight died. The gout had reached its *ultimatum*, while the good parſon, who had been ſummoned three times, was in the profundity of ſleep, neither miſſing Mr. Schmelt nor his wife.

In the morning the bell of the village church tolled for the ſake of decency, and the ſound was

was a ſignal for the various intereſted perſons to aſſemble: the firſt that came was the heir at law, who ſtood in no need of an increaſe of property; and the laſt was the executor, the worthy Heiligkeit, who, though he had not received a mandate from his wife, thought he ſhould be lectured if he delayed any longer his attendance. — The parſon opened the buſineſs by obſerving that the inſpection of his affairs and his will had better *reſt* till he was buried; for, in the firſt place it was the *Lord's day*, and that was a *day of reſt*; and in the next a few days delay would mortify their worldly cupidity. The heir at law was anxious to have the will opened, but the majority ſupported the parſon; and on the Friday following, when the body was depoſited, the gloomy group waited in anxious expectation of the important diſcloſure. The key was produced which unlocked the drawer, and every eye and ear was extended to its utmoſt ſtretch on its introduction into the lock. The inſpector examined what papers were in it, and then

turning round, declared to the gaping auditory that there was not even the veſtige of a will!

The heir at law proceeded to poſſeſs himſelf of all viſible properties, and left the inviſible for the advantage of thoſe who could attain them; to effect this, it was neceſſary to adminiſter, the office for which laid at Copenhagen, being the capital.—When he came there, O villany, clothed in a white wig and a black coat! an adminiſtrator had been there before him—namely, the executor of the will, parſon Heiligkeit, who had denied any knowledge of it; and what was even more fatal than this, the heir found himſelf not included in it. He hurried back to the village, and poured forth the effuſions of his wrath upon the old parſon, to all which the tranquil curate anſwered with great coolneſs, that he was not pleaſed when they could not find the will, and now he had found one, he was not ſatisfied; but as for his having adminiſtered, how could that be when he did not know the will was found to

ad-

adminiſter to? The good old parſon, for the ſatisfaction of every one, then borrowed a horſe, and actually ſet off to certify his rights as executor, and had very nearly eſcaped impriſonment and death, if he had not proved that he was the true Heiligkeit mentioned in the will, and not the parſon who had perſonated him.

When they inveſtigated the property veſted in the name of Schmelt, while the parſon produced his authority to diſpoſe of it, the clerk informed him that it had been already done by a perſon of the ſame name.

"Good lack!" exclaimed the curate, "this is a wicked world, in which there will be nothing for my boy, Horatio."

A few old tenements he diſpoſed of to the beſt advantage, and againſt the warm remonſtrances of his wife, that charity began at home, he diſcharged the produce among the poor relatives.

The impoſtor, who had aſſumed his functions and name, was no where to be found, and the name of Schmelt was remembered

with as little reſpect as it had ſhewn to others when in exiſtence.

Our long abſence from the village has hitherto prevented us from obſerving that Gutwig, the lecturer, after a reſidence of many years in England, by a proper regimen of diet and exerciſe, had filled up the vacant interceſtices of his triple chins, and ſomewhat inverted the ſhape of his legs, the accompliſhment of which betokened to him that he was competent to return to his flock. His arrival, therefore, at the village, a ſhort time before the death of Schmelt, inſtead of his funeral, was a mortifying event to Mrs. Heiligkeit, becauſe it reduced her to the former narrow ſphere: and the diſcomfiture of her plan, in the event of Mr. Schmelt's death, deſtroyed all her hopes of fortune while in the capacity of Heiligkeit's wife,—an intelligence which was dealt forth to him repeatedly and loquaciouſly.

The good Heiligkeit had now to reverſe his letter of good tidings to Horatio, and he prefaced his epiſtle by that *unpalatable* text of

of ſcripture,—" The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath *taken away*; bleſſed be the name of the Lord."—He next adverted to himſelf, in the loſs he had ſuffered of the deputy lectureſhip, and the unkind conduct of of his wife; and then proceeded to ſay, that he hoped Horatio advanced in virtue and goodneſs, and had more treaſure laid up above than what he had loſt here: the aſſurance of his prayers and inability to help him concluded the letter.

This was an epiſtle at once unexpected and affecting to Horatio; the good opinion of his former maſter, highly as it ſpoke in his favour, was not ſufficient to counterbalance the feelings which aroſe for the fortunate legacy he had loſt, and the reduced condition of the poor old curate. In the fullneſs of his heart, he ſhewed it to Liſſetta, who conveyed it to her mother and the reverend Abbé; with them it excited a reprimand for intereſting herſelf in Horatio's concerns; but with her, on returning the letter, it produced, amidſt the expreſſions of pity, a de-

claration that he was as rich in her eſteem as if he had not ſuffered the loſs of the legacy, —a declaration that alternately depreſſed and cheered him!

The concluſion of one bill of mortality is frequently introductory to another. Very oppoſite cauſes are productive of the ſame effects, and this was exemplified in the death of Mr. Niederkoff, who, in *ſaving* his money, effectually cured a violent cold he had caught by *loſing* his life.

It will not be neceſſary to be prolix upon his preparations for the other world: it aſſumed the ſame appearances as the reſt of mankind, and the accounts which he had to ſettle with the *Great Accountant* were rather thoſe of omiſſion than commiſſion; his life having paſſed uniformly in the acquirement of wealth, his hand had become contracted with graſping, and when it was opened, the exertion of the muſcles went to the heart. The world neither cared whether he lived or died, and noticed his exit only by an enquiry into how much he had died worth? Vain am-

ambition! idle curioſity! that ſeeks the number of pounds rather than the tears that fall to conſecrate the memory.

Mr. Neiderkoff diſpoſed of his new houſe and the majority of his property to his daughter, and appointed two truſtees for the fulfilment of it till ſhe came of age. To his wife he allowed a very moderate income; and to Horatio and his fellow-ſervant he willed each 10l. for mourning, &c.

Horatio had now attained his 20th year, and he wanted a few months to finiſh his articles of ſervitude. He wiſhed to be honourably liberated from an uncomfortable exiſtence, and to obtain a more eligible ſituation for himſelf, a hope, which he flattered himſelf, if he were free, he ſhould be able to realiſe. Another important conſideration to an empty purſe was the 10l. left him by will, which had not made its appearance in any ſhape; nor did the acting truſtee intend it ſhould, till the full period for payment of legacies was expired. His miſtreſs was actuated by the ſame motives of diſcharging

him, on account of a *ſomething* favourable which her daughter ſaw in him, and which, if ſuffered to ripen into maturity, might prove diſadvantageous to herſelf. She, therefore, repaired to her lawyer, who adviſed her to get rid of Horatio,—an object which was eaſily effected, without the previous payment of his legacy, on condition that their mutual agreement ſhould be cancelled, and he remain till he could obtain a better ſituation.

"Never fear," ſaid Horatio to himſelf, "hope ſtill caſts a ſmile upon thee!—Liberty to ſtay till thou canſt advance thyſelf,—Neiderkoff's legacy in reverſion—and worth 1000 pounds in Liſſetta's eſteem,—faith, thou art yet a richer fellow than thou imagineſt!"

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

LISSETTA had frequently the moſt lively anxiety to know why Ella had not written to her ſince her journey to La Somme's; and ſhe would have intereſted herſelf materially in the diſcovery, if the rencontre with Horatio, and the uneaſineſs ſhe began to feel on his account, had not diverted her attention.

The abſence of the Abbé was, at this time, particularly unfortunate both for Liſſetta and her mother, as they each wiſhed to intereſt him on their particular views; and he had been away from unavoidable cauſes, and his clerical concerns, ſome weeks.

Mr. Bernard at length returned, and aſſured the faithful devotee that he had not been unmindful of her in his prayers during his abſence.

When the particulars were detailed of Liſſetta's adventure, and the inclination her mother ſuſpected ſhe had for Horatio; the Abbé ſtarted back ſeveral paces, exclaiming:—

"Such a connection is inadmiſſible! I have heard ſufficient of the perſon you have deſcribed, to ſay, that his opinions and character are to be avoided; and, therefore, without a reference to the cauſes which will operate upon the plan that muſt be purſued, you muſt induce Liſſetta, by leaving it to her own choice, to reſide a few days now and then with the Abbeſs in the priory, by which means ſhe will gradually obtain a reliſh for their pious exerciſes, and we ſhall place a lamb which is ſtraying in the herbage of the elect."

What objection could a pious woman have to ſuch a propoſal? Certainly none: her

her care was therefore, at a proper opportunity to obſerve to her daughter that the ſiſters muſt be exceſſively dull and fatigued with the inſipidity of their ſituation, and the lack of thoſe varied beauties of nature which divert the eye, if their holy ſervices ſuperior delights.

" We always differ, mother," ſaid Liſſetta; " nowit is the beauties of the ſituation which I admire; and the nature of the ſervices which I diſlike."

" That is the more ſingular," rejoined her mother, " that you have never yet taken up your ſtay in the ſociety a few days, ſince their rules do not compel you to outſtay your inclination."

" To be frank, dear mother," reſumed Liſſetta, " if there be a liberty of choice attached to it, I will then inveſtigate its merits and defects."

Liſſetta had ever experienced the greateſt rigidity of diſcipline and auſterity of manners from the Abbé when in the preſence of her mother; and the greateſt condeſcenſion and

and politeneſs when abſent. She promiſed herſelf a ſuperior amuſement to the dullneſs of home, from the converſation of the nuns, and the inſtructions of Monſieur Bernard.

The priory was about three miles from the town, and had formerly been a feudal chateau, containing apartments for a great number of ſerfs and tenantry, according to the cuſtom of the German and Engliſh Barons. Two long towers, with battlements, formed the wings, and in the centre of which joined them, ſtood the chapel of the religious; in which were ſhapeleſs relics that filled the eye of ſanctity with abaſement and wonder at the heavenly goodneſs which had depoſited them there for the conviction and benefit of *Jew*, *Turk*, and *Heathen!* The weſtern ſide was occupied by the females; the chateau was built in a large park or chaſe, and ſurrounded with a high flint wall; as buttreſſes to which, tall and maſſy elms were planted; thus effectually concealing the view of the building on the ſide of its entrance: behind the chapel laid,

at

at a little diſtance, the penſive elyſium, where the nuns indulged themſelves in the unruffled contemplation of unfaſhionable and unfathomable myſteries, and the enlivening convicton that they were more attached to the Great Parent, than their relations and the ſun-burnt, uncouth female world, becauſe they made more proſtrations, were clad in flowing robes of finer linen, and had ſuppreſſed the powerful impulſes of nature with reſpect to that likeneſs of God's own image—man.

The beauties of Flora and Pomona luxurioufly adorned this Paradiſe in miniature; and the broad riſing green upland, while the ſteep ſloping ſides were covered with tall trees, whoſe tops mutually embracing, formed a leafy canopy, was delightfully adapted for the nobler contemplation of earth and heaven! Several ſprings of water, iſſuing from the declivities, trickled in large marine ſhells, from whoſe edges they deſcended in tranſparent ſheets, to clear pellucid reſervoirs, where they again diſperſed

perſed themſelves in other circular ſtreams, and ſerved, at once, for ſerene and murmuring accompaniments to the muſic of the ruſtling foliage. The termination of the hill was at its ſummit; the part behind forming an abrupt rocky precipice, flanked by thick underwood. A gothic turret with a bell, and cloiſters round the wings, had been added ſince the formation of the building; and, for neatneſs, ſolitude, and proſpect, if melancholy and ſuperſtition had been the architects, they would not have placed it on a more intereſting ſcite.

Liſſetta's viſits to the convent ſoon became long and frequent; and her pious mother concluded that the good ſeed was ſown, and that the pleaſure ſhe felt in her attendance aroſe from an affection for the ſacred offices and the leſſons of the Abbé.

Liſſetta certainly felt great eſteem for the holy ſiſters, and eventually might have joined them, if the figure of Horatio had not put in a caveat againſt the inclination.

In

In the apartment of the Abbé was a pianoforte, books, teleſcopes, and other ſcientific apparatus, formed to relieve the mind when the more rigid ſervices were performed. Liſſetta found this ſociety more entertaining than home, and the attentions of the Abbé, were thoſe of an inſtructor, a Mentor, and at times a man of the world: in the evenings, frequently, he would ſtay in her apartment till late, and when together, indulge himſelf in the moſt inſtructive freedom of converſation; but if the preſence of a ſiſter was announced, the gravity of the tonſured prieſt was aſſumed, and he was found giving lectures on the levity with which the new *religieuſe* treated the ſacred myſteries of divine incomprehenſibilities: when the intruder had retired, he reſumed his former manner.

"Good Abbé," ſaid Liſſetta, one day, "unleſs I were well aſſured that you believe what you profeſs, I ſhould ſuſpect you were a ſceptic; you glide from one character ſo

eaſily

eaſily into another. Is it a part of the ſacred duties?"

"Theſe are indulgencies," replied the Abbé, "which the church allows. I give no advice when any one intrudes upon us which is not fitted to morality and my office, and I thus avoid any ſuſpicion that my viſits are too frequent or unſeaſonable."

"For goodneſs ſake," rejoined Liſſetta, "do not let your kindneſs to me involve you in any difficulty: you ſhall not ſuffer any implication on my account."

"It is impoſſible I ſhould," ſaid the Abbé; "to render you ſervice, and receive your acknowledgments, is my greateſt pleaſure: your company ſoftens the rigour of ſo many religious exerciſes; and the hours I ſpend with you infinitely ſurpaſs thoſe—"

"Surpaſs what?" exclaimed Liſſetta; "thoſe you ſpend at the altar?"

"No," replied the Abbé; "I mean thoſe employed in the ſervice of the other females: you are much ſuperior to them. Heaven

Heaven and earth are all parts of the creation, and claim alike the Creator's care: you are fitted to move in both: health, content, and love, make a heaven of this mortal ſtate, and you poſſeſs them. Your obſervation has doubtleſs taught you, that whatever may the external habiliments of men or women, their internal compoſition muſt partake of the ſame materials, muſt be ſubject to the ſame paſſions and inclinations. While, therefore, you find this female ſociety agreeable, continue to be under its protection; refuſing that veil, under which, all your youth and beauty will wither. Reſerve them, Liſſetta, for more active life; to bleſs the love of ſome one ſenſible of their value. It is the wiſh of my heart, to render you happy by fixing your choice where you may be beloved in return. The influence I have over your mother, and in theſe ſacred walls, ſhall each be at your ſervice; and if you are willing to truſt yourſelf under the protection of the good Abbeſs, ſhe will give you an aſylum. Whenever you

you are weary of the petulance of domeſtic juriſdiction, you may here find comfort, and the friendly ſociety of one, whoſe heart, as well as his religious principles, is devoted to an amiable young creature."

What was it poſſible could be interpreted from this ſpeech? Did it mean to ſay that he loved her? or was it only the manly boſom that ſpoke? Whatever opinion may be formed of it, we have only to ſtate the inferences that Liſſetta drew from it.

The ſpeech, thought Liſſetta, from the mouth of a young bourgeois, with a very trifling alteration, might be interpreted into a declaration of love; but this bore no features but thoſe of friendſhip and openneſs. An Abbé could not marry in that capacity, and he had not hinted that he ever meant to reſign the clerical character. He wiſhed to point her choice to a deſerving object, and to ſee her happy; this cancelled every reference to himſelf.

The morality and ſanctity of his character was highly eſteemed; but though the former

was

was unimpeachable, the latter was from his laſt converſation, *profeſſional*: but this was a common defect among the more rigid diſciples of Luther and Calvin, whoſe love of a good living would digeſt a few more articles in their creed than they believed. His broad and ſevere expoſition ſhewed that he thought more as a *man* than a *prieſt*; and if ſhe could create a friend in the man whom ſhe had hitherto conceived was inimical to her intereſts, ſhe would gain the aſcendancy over her mother, and even act towards the accompliſhment of a certain end ſhe had in view. Upon the whole, therefore, ſhe thought as the Abbé's behaviour was reſerved and reſpectful, and that the *confeſſor* had committed himſelf ſo much by the *confeſſion* he had made, that he was ſincere in his offers, and that it would cement the new acquiſition to render back a part of that confidence he had beſtowed on her.

Liſſetta frequently went to the convent, and ſtaid during thoſe periods in which the Abbé from his other ſacerdotal concerns

was

was abſent. Here ſhe formed intereſts with the nuns, and found their ſociety an aſylum of agreeable moments:—but ſhe alſo perceived that taking the *veil* was a religious tranſparency, in which ſhe ſaw zeal and inclination for the delights of this *wicked world* conſtantly in oppoſition. When the young Abbé returned, his private inſtructions conſiſted of extracts for her amuſements from his *cabinet* of *miracles*—ſome of the moſt favourite and harmleſs theatricals, plays, and poems—the beſt and moſt ſuperior works of unbelieving authors—the fineſt models of ſculptured nature, and the apparatus for drawing.

In this manner, doubtleſs, the confeſſion ſhe made of her approbation was attended with an injunction from the prieſt of ſimilar attendances by way of penance.

In more than one of theſe intereſting *tête-à-têtes*, he has compoſed a few lines on the occaſion, and once ſurpriſed her by the preſentation of a neat miniature picture, which he by obſervation had drawn of her. All of

theſe

theſe were pleaſing aſſurances that ſhe had an intereſt in his eſteem; and the ſanctity of the prieſt was loſt in the affection of clerical friendſhip; nay, ſhe was ſometimes induced to conſider his attentions as beyond the mere offerings of piety.

During one of theſe oppreſſive nights of autumn, in which heat ſuſpends the drowſy inclinations, and when Liſſetta ſlept in the cheateau, unable to invite the leaden deity, ſhe put on a *robe de chambre*, and was looking through the gothic arched window of her apartment at the ſerenity and clearneſs of the ſky, when her attention was attracted from heaven to earth by the ſound of a light and quick ſtep which hurried on the oppoſite ſide to a paſſage through the cloiſters, and diſappeared. The figure was conducted by a man in a horſeman's coat, who held her by the arm, and vaniſhed with her. After a moment of recollection, and through the uncertainty of diſtance and twilight, ſhe fancied ſhe ſaw the reſemblance of Ella; and, overcome with

the ſudden conviction, ſhe pulled her bell, and uttered an exclamatory ſhriek.

When the Abbeſs entered, Liſſetta was extended on the floor inſenſible to the fear that had locked up her powers. They recovered her from the fainting fit, and enquired the cauſe of her inviſible alarm.

Liſſetta informed them of what ſhe had ſeen, and the Abbeſs doubted the exiſtence of ſuch a diſcovery, unleſs it were a miraculous appearance: and which they could eaſily aſcertain, by calling up the Abbé Bernard, and as he knew every chamber in his wing, requeſting him to ſearch. When the Abbé was informed of the circumſtance, he was not leſs ſurpriſed than the other inhabitants; and, having armed himſelf with the holy croſs, and the *ſame ſword* that Peter ſtruck off the ear of the high prieſt's ſervant, he undertook the ſearch warrant, accompanied by another reverend father and Liſſetta. Gloomy, dark, and ſubterraneous abodes were ſearched without ſucceſs. In fine, every place was penetrated where two

ſuch

ſuch material bodies could enter, and nothing but vacuity was found.

Maſſes, benedictions, and proſtrations, were offered up for this ſignal mark of divine interference, and every one remained convinced that it was deſtined as a warning to the levity of Liſſetta, but Liſſetta herſelf. When ſhe ſaw a proper opportunity ſhe conſulted the Abbé on this ſtrange phenomenon; but he knew no more of it than her, and could only ſuppoſe that it had been the deluſion of imagination, or was ſomething preternatural; and on this ground we muſt for the preſent ſuffer theſe midnight wanderers to remain unexplored.

The intereſt which Liſſetta took in the welfare of Horatio, whoſe forte and ability ſhe conceived were calculated to move in the moſt elevated line, determined her to conſult the Abbé on the means of procuring for him a better ſituation; and, as ſhe meant to place this application wholly on the plea of her former village intimacy, without the moſt diſtant intimation of the ſecret prefer-

ence that lurked in her boſom, ſhe thought ſhe could employ the Abbé as a principal in the buſineſs, while he was merely her agent. By this means, any ſervice ſhe could render Horatio would make his feelings and her own leſs poignant.

Several meetings, by chance and by deſign, had taken place between Horatio and Liſſetta from their firſt identification of each other; and it is but fair to ſay, that the genteel perſon and dreſs of Horatio would not have diſcredited the ſide of a peereſs, having, on the receipt of Heiligkeit's letter, improved his dreſs with his circumſtances: their converſation reverted back to former ſcenes, and the ſame ſenſation accompanied them from the days which were paſt to thoſe which were preſent.

The ſcholaſtic education of Horatio ſhone through the humility of his ſituation; and Liſſetta had underſtanding to know that wealth may be required, but that perſonal and intellectual *agréments* were gifts from nature, and ineſtimable;—*perſonal gifts*, we again

again obſerve; for Liſſetta was no more than a female, and, like the ſex, conſulted her eye as well as her judgment. Nothing in their promenades had paſſed between either of the lovers that amounted to an inference that their hearts were interwoven; but it only required the impulſe of adverſity to ſhoot forth the germs which they imagined had not viſibly taken root.

Events had arrived to the period of a month beyond Mr. Niederkoff's death, and Liſſetta, with concern, had even intereſted herſelf in giving that turn to the widow's inclination which had ended in the liberation of Horatio, and the agreement that he ſhould remain there as long as it was ſuitable to his intereſt. Her application to the Abbé had been made on the fulfilment of this agreement, and ſhe congratulated herſelf on his permanent ſituation till he obtained a better one,—a congratulation which was ſoon ſucceeded by diſappointment and diſquietude.

It appears from the circumſtances which we have already detailed, that the ſituations

of the two widows, Mrs. Niederkoff and Liſſetta's mother, were analogous. Each had a daughter, and each was attached to the ſame object. Mrs. Neiderkoff, therefore, inflated with the reſult of her obſervations and convictions, made a ſudden ſortie to the houſe of Liſſetta, while that young lady, unſuſpectingly, was drinking tea with her daughter.

At the concluſion of the viſit the deliberations were wound up, and it was reſolved that Horatio ſhould be diſcharged very ſuddenly, and without the knowledge of either of the girls, for which purpoſe Miſs Neiderkoff was to ſtay a day at Liſſetta's houſe—nay, it was concluded that it would be ſerving their king and country to ſend him for a ſoldier—for when he was diſcharged he would be out of employ, and a man without employment could not live honeſtly.—Mrs. Brun alſo wrote a note to him, which her friend undertook to deliver on her return.

As ſoon as the viſitors had parted, Mrs. Neiderkoff reſolved, before ſhe diſpoſed of her

her buſineſs, to put this reſolution in execution. When her daughter, therefore, according to appointment, was abſent, ſhe ſent for the unſuſpecting youth in doors, and informed him that ſhe was under the neceſſity of diſcharging him immediately, and therefore deſire him to prepare his clothes, and depart the ſame evening. The petrified Horatio ſtood like the figure of a man who had retreated to the laſt inch of an abyſs—he found it impoſſible to abide a moment longer in the houſe, much more to requeſt that night permiſſion to ſleep till he could procure a lodging: though he was nearly deſtitute of money, he was not deſtitute of thoſe friends who would ſerve him, he thought, with pleaſure: therefore, after a moment's re-aſſurance, he determined to ſtay with ſome young connexions he had formed, and unburden his mind to them, in heaping execrations and expoſure on that of his miſtreſs.

As he quitted the houſe of ſeveral years captivity, the note which he had received

from Mrs. Neiderkoff excited his attention, and a hope roſe in his boſom that it might counterbalance the ſeverity he had juſt experienced.—The letter, however, was from Mrs. Brun, and was more poignant than he expected:—he did not at the moment recollect that ſhe had before this learned his reverſe of fortune:—It announced her determination to prevent Liſſetta from receiving his attentions, even if his heretical opinions did not form ſo great an obſtacle; it threatened to communicate his conduct to the curate, his father; and, if that failed, to remove Liſſetta from his ſearch. It then contemplated the poverty and rejection which would be entailed on Liſſetta, if ſhe counteracted either the Abbé's or her intentions for her happineſs; and concluded with requeſting him rather to look elſewhere for a ſettlement adapted to *his* circumſtances, than to deſtroy the undivided comfort of a family, and ſeparate a child from her parent.

"I can reſiſt threats," ſaid Horatio, as he folded up the letter, "when I cannot an honour-

honourable and juſt appeal.—My happineſs is nothing to me in compariſon with Liſſetta's, and ſhe is too dutiful and good not to love her mother: —my own comfort will ſuffer by the reflection that I have injured her's—if I cannot augment her domeſtic felicity, I will not diminiſh it—I muſt be *rich* in other poſſeſſions than virtue before I can obtain her mother's conſent, and till that time come I muſt comply with my deſtiny."

An execration upon the lawyer who had robbed him of Schmelt's property having given his feelings a temporary relief, he moved on to try the ſtrength of his new friendſhips, and met every where with the moſt wordy excuſes on the impoſſibility of *the thing at that time*. Some of his intimates were in the ſame ſituation as himſelf, and others were in the ſame ſtate he had juſt quitted; theſe he excuſed by compariſon; for, if a ſimilar requeſt had been made to himſelf, he knew he could not have accommodated his friend with a *feather*, much leſs a *bed*. In fine, thoſe who would have

ſerved him, could not, and thoſe who had power, wanted the inclination.

In this dilemma and diſappointment, while he was anxiouſly tracing the ſtreets in ſearch of friendſhip, he was recogniſed by Trag, a poor fellow who had lived porter in the ſame houſe.

"Ods firkins!" cried Trag, "maſter Horatio, what you are for the country by your bundle. Why, I hope all goes well—but I do not at this time think it does; you look rather *ſalt*, as one may ſay—not quite ſo freſh as I have ſeen you."

Horatio informed him of the ill-treatment he had received from his miſtreſs, and the coolneſs of his acquaintance in refuſing him accommodation till he could procure a place.

"Don't make up your mind to be uneaſy," ſaid this ſon of good-nature; "for he muſt be poor indeed who can't help another. I always thought you the beſt article in the ſhop, and if it was only to ſpite the old ſqueering jade, you ſhould not go without

out a lodging—but don't go for to think that I have *high* curtains and *down*-beds for you—no!—they are *down* enough, God knows! for we are upon the ſame footing—on the floor; and if ſo be you like it, you are as welcome as Trag himſelf."

Horatio ſhook his hand, and told him he was the laſt perſon he ſhould have expected a favour from, and he ſhould be the firſt when he had the ability to repay him.—They then adjourned to talk over a pot of malt liquor, and there Mr. Trag gave him a very explicit direction, and promiſed, when he had ſhut up ſhop at night, to come to his lodging with a *handful* of the beſt beer and bread the town afforded!

Horatio found his new lodging involved in a labyrinth of receſſes, courts, allies, and turnings: he, nevertheleſs, when he entered it, ſoon identified its certainty by Trag's deſcription, its elevated ſituation, a tobacco ſtopper, and two pieces of drawing he had given him: he ſat himſelf down in the only chair the room afforded, and gave way

to the reflections which preſented themſelves as the companions of his ſolitude.

He revolved in his mind the viciſſitudes he had experienced; the unfriendly conduct he had ever met with from Mrs. Heiligkeit; the deaths which had taken place, and the precarious rôle he was performing. He was perſuaded that nature had been more liberal to him than fortune! but her bounty had only hitherto tended to diſtreſs him.—Heiligkeit had been a good father—but, alas! from him what expectation could be formed of aſſiſtance, when it could with difficulty be aſcertained which was the moſt indigent? His maſter Schmelt had remembered him handſomely,—but the ſcoundrel of a lawyer had eloped with the property, and Heiligkeit, in his *ſingular* equity, had made free with his trifling dividend to increaſe that of the poorer claimants. Neiderkoff was dead, and he had a few pounds in expectancy for *mourning*,—but they were alſo in the hands of attorney—and worth no more than a *non-ſuit*. From the nullity of what

what he had hitherto done for himſelf he proceeded to what he was likely to do, and this conducted his fancy to the warm and generous ſenſations which youth, at his unſuſpicious years, are known to entertain. Liſſetta was the pinnacle to which he looked up, but to which the aſcent was impracticable.

To purſue an amour that could not be productive of a ſucceſsful iſſue, and againſt her mother's inclination, was not the broad and manly conduct which was ſatisfactory, and he reſolved to cruſh a hopeleſs paſſion rather than prevent the offers of more wealthy and eligible ſuitors. Thus reſolved, he found conſolation in aſſuring himſelf that poverty (not the reſult of miſconduct) was no diſgrace; and that if the public papers, or the efforts of Trag, could procure nothing for him, he would write to young Fryherr and old Heiligkeit, and wait the reſult.

CHAP. VI.

ON the following morning he determined to call on Mr. Stael, and endeavour to obtain the legacy, or part of it. He waited a long time before the gentleman was at leiſure, and when he had an audience, the buſineſs was diſpatched in a leſs time than it took to explain it. Horatio pleaded ſtrongly for the advancement of the *primum mobile*; but the ſentence of negation was pronounced with ſuch a tone and look, that it appalled the petitioner, and left him more happy at eſcaping from his preſence than the receipt of it would have been from the thorny hand of ſuch a porcupine animal.

The delay of attendance had quelled the ſenſation of hunger, and having no inducement to return to Trag's lodging, he inſenſibly

ſibly ſtrayed till he came to the banks of the river, and under a pleaſant and elevated row of elms he ſeated him on a bench which commanded an extenſive view of the right and left of the water and the oppoſite ſhore. The fullneſs of thought prevented him from attending to the local beauties of the view; while the evenneſs of the ſtream, the ſoftneſs of the air, and the unclouded horizon, formed the reverſe of the perplexities which floated in his brain.

He had not occupied the ſeat long, when the vacant corner of it was filled by the ſame gentleman who had ſaved him at the juſtice's. Something ſoon preſented itſelf for converſation, and, after the eye and ear had united to ſtrengthen the recollection, Horatio diſcovered that it was the worthy witneſs who had ſtepped forward at the time of his examination before the juſtice, and by his acuteneſs had liberated him. General topics enſued, mixed with expreſſions of the ſatisfaction of their meeting a ſecond time rather on the *bench* than at the *bar*.

Horatio

Horatio then delicately deſcended to particulars; and, encouraged by Mr. Edel, detailed his ill-fortune from leaving the parſon's houſe to his exit from Mrs. Neiderkoff's.

The narrative excited the attention and feelings of Mr. Edel, who demanded of him, as the mercantile avenue ſeemed cloſing upon him, and was not altogether his choice, if he had ever turned his thoughts to the army?

This opened a field that once warmed his imagination; and the ſuggeſtion that he might riſe by courage, and preſent himſelf to Liſſetta in the impreſſing and manly character of an officer, unenriched by the ſpoils attached to ſucceſsful plunder, made him anſwer with celerity, that he would have no objection to try his fortune, if they would take one ſo ignorant of military duty as he was.

"I commend your ſpirit," reſumed his friend; "if you are unmarried, you have no children to intereſt you: the king offers a handſome bounty for volunteers; and the cha-

character of a ſoldier is manly and reſpectable."

"Nothing more ſo, in a good cauſe," ſaid Horatio.

"You ſpeak with energy and freedom: I think his Majeſty would reward your ſervices if they were as active in the field as they are forcible in their delivery: and if right is the object which you ſeek, the tyranny of the enemy calls upon every man to ſtem it: if, therefore, you have a thirſt for advancement and fame, you may now purſue the road to it, before the war cloſes; and enjoy the comforts of that peace which you will have fought for and merited."

"Truly, my hand ſhall be ever ready to oppoſe oppreſſion; and, without enquiring into the abſtract arguments which two powers may ſet up, I ſhall hold it my duty to act for the independence of my country."

"Rightly ſaid, ſir:—The preſent is a war of defence, and would to heaven the people had courage to refuſe acting in any other!

other! equity requires that any country againſt which combinations are formed, not for its happineſs, but its territory, ſhould, in its turn, be ſubjugated; and the power of that country, or perſon, be abridged, that would have expunged the independence of another."

"Excuſe the freedom, ſir, but I ſhould be flattered by a knowledge of the cauſes of which your opinion is the reſult."

"I have felt the graſp of political adverſity—innocently felt it:—theſe, however, are events which, though I am prejudiced in your favour from this converſation, cannot be imparted upon ſlight acquaintance;—at a future time, perhaps, they may.—But, ſurely, my young ſir, from your friendſhip, abilities, and education, you can procure a ſituation more *advantageous* than that of a ſoldier?"

Horatio briefly informed him of his want equally of money and wealthy friends; and that from thoſe who had left him a trifle, he had never received it. This introduced the legacy

legacy bequeathed him by Mr. Niederkoff, and a promiſe on the part of Mr. Edel, who was ignorant of Mr. Stael's character, that he would obtain it for him.

Horatio expreſſed his obligations for his kind interference with ſo much earneſtneſs, that it drew a tear from the ſtranger's eye, in contemplating the figure of a fine fellow ſupplicating him to aſk for his right.

"Purſue whatever plan you may," ſaid Mr. Edel, "if I can ſecond your efforts, you ſhall have my ſervices. But it will be neceſſary to give me your addreſs: I ſhall paſs this evening with ſome friends with whom I may be able to ſerve you; and I will at any rate call on you at your reſidence to-morrow evening, and we will talk further."

"If I am right in my ſtudy of phyſiognomy," ſaid Mr. Edel, aſide, "this young man is worthy of a better fate!"

At *my reſidence!* thought Horatio; and he would have bluſhed for the wretchedneſs of

of his lodging, but the ſimplicity and frankneſs of Mr. Edel warranted him in aſſuming no ſpecious appearances: he was, therefore, ſuperior to the refinements of language, which would repreſent him in a higher ſtate than he really filled; and deſpiſed, at the ſame time, to excite compaſſion by depreſſing his circumſtances.

Horatio, gratefully gave him his direction, and added, "if you will paſs an hour, according to your promiſe to-morrow evening, in my humble place, you ſhall have the beſt entertainment a poor pantry affords. If you like beer I'll treat you: if you prefer wine, you muſt then treat me.—When I am richer, you ſhall have both!"

"By heaven!" ſaid Edel, you are a noble fellow;" and putting his hand in his pocket, he pulled out a ſmall book:—"Take this little volume," ſaid he, "and, when you are alone, read it: it is called the Lives of Plutarch; and I am certain you will find them contain more ſterling worth than you imagine."

They

They then roſe from their ſeat, and continued their walk till their routes divided, when Horatio, with a firm graſp, and an ejaculation of—"God bleſs you, ſir!" bent his path homeward. Each parted with the moſt favourable impreſſions. He ſeems a fine generous youth, thought Edel; I will endeavour to ſerve him, and prevent his entrance into the army: his ſpeech and face have all the appearances, all the traits of ſincerity. Some affair of love is at the bottom of his reſolution: ſome ill-natured fair one, and his indigent ſituation have determined him to ſeek in the field the pleaſure he cannot find in the town: but this is a paſſion which burns for a time violently, and then exhauſts itſelf: however, it matters not from whatever cauſe his melancholy proceeds, the mind feels the effect of it, and it will be a pleaſure to relieve it.

Horatio, on the other hand, thought he diſcovered beneath the plainneſs and unaffected ſpeech of Edel, a ſincerity at variance with deception; and if he had not met

met with the indifferent treatment of his friends repeatedly, he would have placed an implicit reliance on his promiſes of ſervice. He had learned to doubt the exiſtence of that balſam, *monied friendſhip*; or if it did exiſt, that the rich confined it to themſelves. He had long been accuſtomed to hope for more than he had ever realized, and he, therefore, placed theſe accounts againſt his new friend; at the ſame time he thought if he never ſaw him again, he was ſtill indebted to him for the inſertion of one agreeable hour among thoſe which moved on ſo heavily.

In the evening Horatio took a turn round the dwelling where his wiſhes were encloſed. The houſe was cloſely ſhut up: Liſſetta was inviſible; and, after making ſeveral circles round the *centre of his attraction*, he returned home to Trag, who had occupied himſelf in forming conjectures upon his ſtay.

Horatio, when they had laid them down, informed his honeſt bed-fellow of the converſation

verſation he had had, and the viſitor he expected on the following evening: and it is but juſtice to Trag, to confeſs, that he, without any previous hint of his generous intention, on the following afternoon laid out, in the purchaſe of proviſion, juſt as much money as he was before hand in the world: theſe he ſpread on the table upon a few clean waſte ſheets of paper, on the doctrine of Neceſſity, taken from the ſhop; and having ſurveyed the arrangement, told Horatio, that, if his friend muſt put up with a *cold* ſupper, he ſhould have a *warm* welcome!

Horatio felt the worth of this favour by Trag's manner of conveying it; and on the appointed evening waited with expectation for the flattering viſit he was to receive.

The hours of ſix and ſeven paſſed without the appearance of Mr. Edel: his anxiety increaſed with each ſucceeding minute: at eight o'clock he began to doubt the ſincerity of his promiſe, and to form concluſions

ſions that the engagement was made to get rid of him: his expectation ſtill continued alive till another hour, at the expiration of which, his diſappointment mounted to his lips, and burſt forth into a curſe upon the poverty of his lodging, his own perſonal ſtate, and the general reſemblance of this friend to the reſt of mankind, from whoſe profeſſions and manner his penetration had aſſured him of a more liberal conduct. In the paroxyſm of vexation, he drew forth the volume he had received from his friend, which had laid in his pocket unobſerved, and hurled the book and its donor to the other ſide of the room: a certain ſenſitive ſound, which was diſtinct from the falling of the book, made him ſtep haſtily to diſcover the golden cymbals—it was three Louis d'ors—a preſent diſcharged from the hiſtorian, who now proved, as Mr. Edel had before obſerved, in every reſpect a *valuable* author.

"How ungrateful and intemperate are my concluſions!" ſaid Horatio. "To render

render juſtice to this benevolent man, I muſt retract the illiberality of my tongue, and load it on myſelf! The worthy Edel yet means to be here—and I will ſtill wait another day before I determine to act. Perhaps I may one day repay him the trifling loan; but the tenderneſs, the delicacy of the conveyance—I never can!"

A reverſion of ſentiment took place, good humour returned, and Horatio reſolved that his ſtomach ſhould be as warmly lined at Trag's charge as his pocket was at his friends; in fine, he dealt ſo *Samſonically* with the viands, that when Trag entered, he demanded how long his friend had been gone.

"Indeed," ſaid Horatio, "he has not been here—but he has conveyed theſe three Louis by the means of ſome Illuſtrious Men."

"May he never want a guinea—nor I ſupper to give them," ſaid Trag. "A contented mind is a continual feaſt," continued he, as he ſat down to the crums which

which Horatio had left, frequently remarking, that the *yellow sauce* Horatio had served up with his scanty meal made it the *richest* he had for some time eaten.

After a few religious crosses made on the breast, and a prayer in Latin, for safety, Trag retired to his "wooden couch succumbent," and Horatio and he closed every want in sleep.

Trag's character was somewhat eccentric; he loved the exercise of religion—that was, to look at the cross, and the Virgin Mary, and say his prayers in Latin; for, as he observed, he thought that must be praying *in secret*, since he could scarcely understand himself: he always contrived to *steal* a bottle of the consecrated water, which he carried about as a panacea for all accidents: but not only holy water he loved, he had an equal esteem for *strong waters*, and paid his devotion for a week, sometimes, to the heathen divinities; he was, nevertheless, at all times, a most harmless honest character, and so blunt in his speech, that the old adage

adage *in vino veritas*, would hardly apply to him, who was at all times, the *ſon* of *Veritas* herſelf:—We ſhall conclude this ſhort apoſtrophe to Trag, with an anecdote of his uſeful, and, ſometimes, quaint character:—

A ſudden ſtorm one day aroſe,
And not well pleas'd with earth, it choſe
To make our parent ſmoke around;
Indeed it fell with ſuch a weight,
It might be ſaid to meditate
An act of batt'ry 'gainſt the ground.

Swift from the ſtorm the rich, the poor,
Who love alike to be ſecure,
Sought from its frown a clearance;
Indeed 'tween elements or friends,
Who diſagree for certain ends,
'Tis folly interference.

However, when the *ſtorm* had done,
The *ins* turn'd *out*, and homeward run;
Then, midſt the reſt, a form ſprung forth,
So light it ſcarcely touch'd the earth,
One of thoſe things we nick-name beaus;
A ſort of ſummer butterfly,
Who, while obſerv'd by ev'ry eye,
Saw nothing but his feet and hoſe.

To handſome legs what can diſcloſe,
When deck'd out nice, ſo great a curſe
As muddy ſtreets—ſure nothing's worſe,
Except, indeed, the *want* of hoſe:

Each kennel wide—each looſen'd ſtone,
As yet had let our beau alone,
Nor made him once to halt:
When, lo! he ſudden ſtood amaz'd,
And round the wat'ry proſpect gaz'd,
As hounds are ſeen at fault.

The water form'd ſo wide a ſheet,
It reach'd acroſs the narrow ſtreet,
And ſtopp'd the paſſers by.
What could the beau?—No Moſes wand
Was near to dry the curſed pond—
But other help was nigh:

Poor honeſt Trag beheld his caſe,
Who ſwore he'd take the gemman's place,
So up he whipp'd the beau:
Who was tranſported in a trice,
To t'other ſide—as clean and nice
As when firſt dreſſ'd, I trow.

"How good, (the beau exclaimed,) how kind!—
"I have no caſh—but never mind,
"A thouſand thanks I bear ye."
"Ne'er mind, (rejoin'd the honeſt elf,)
"Your juſt welcome as your pelf,
"Nay, welcome as the *Virgin Mary*!"

Buſineſs

Buſineſs was the occaſion of Mr. Edel having been at the town of Frankfort; he reſided at a diſtance, in the moſt rural and retired part of the country; where he was conſidered as a gentleman of moderate income, and much philanthrophy. The buſineſs which had drawn him to this place, when he firſt recogniſed Horatio, had ariſen from the offers of his ſervice to a village tradeſman, who had, from accident, fallen under the *letter* of the exciſe laws, and which threatened him with ruin, unleſs his application to a principal could mitigate the penalties, and ſtay the proceedings. His ſucceſs in this friendly action had increaſed both his fame and his clients; and many were the references and awards to which he was a party, from the promptneſs of the deciſion, and the moderation of his judgement; nay, frequently when the parties murmured at the ſacrifices he required, and were ungovernable, he would ſummon them to meet him at his houſe without the knowledge of each other; and, repreſenting

the meeting to be entirely accidental, insist that the irreconcileable parties should dine together with him, and after dinner, the dispute be looked at through a bottle or two of his best wine. This plan seldom failed, when the mouth had been extended a proper number of times, to open the heart; and peace and property were thus preserved by the influence of a litte *eau de vie*, mixed with a few drops of the waters of Lethe.

Another affair of this beneficent kind was the occasion of his short stay, during this juncture, at Frankfort.

Mr. Niederkoff had a tenement or two in his village, and on his decease, the lawyer, Mr. Stael, had written for immediate payment of the arrears due from one of the tenants, who, at the period of Mr. N's. death, was indebted both for rent and goods. To represent the causes of this failure, and to prevent the threatening language of Mr Stael's communication, he thought a personal interview would have more effect than a letter

a letter from the world. He remained with a friend during his ſtay in town, and from whoſe houſe he had ſtrolled through the ſtreets till he arrived on the margin of the river, and ſeated himſelf on the bench, where he and Horatio became known to each other.

On the following morning Mr. Edel had two commiſſions to execute with the ſame lawyer, thoſe of his friend and Horatio, neither of which, however, proving ſucceſsful, he determined to wait on Horatio the following morning, and explain the cauſes of his detention.

Mr. Edel, at the cloſe of the day, went to join his friend, who was invited to ſpend the evening with a gay and ſelect party: it was a mixed company, and Mr. Edel introduced the ſcene which he had been acting, and the ſituation in which his poor and hopeleſs client ſtood. He ſucceeded in obtaining, with one gentleman, the promiſe of the reverſion of a place for Horatio, upon the *death* of the poſſeſſor: among the

old ladies he excited pity, and with the young ones, a wiſh to aſſiſt a *handſome* young man in diſtreſs; for which purpoſe they would apply to friends and acquaintances. There happened to be one who did not delay the execution of a good reſolution, the kindneſs and manner of whoſe feeling, Mr. Edel, we are confident, will undertake, in a page or two, to explain to the reader.

Mr. Edel, about ten o'clock the next morning, ſat off to find out the obſcure reſidence of his young friend, impreſſed with the good news he had to convey to him: he mounted up ſtairs to the third ſtory, and, in aſcending the laſt, he heard the voice of a man in converſation with Horatio: he ſtopped on the landing place, about a foot from the door, heſitating if he ſhould interrupt them or not, and he ſoon became rivetted by the converſation which paſſed:—

"Take it," ſaid Horatio: "by G— you ſhall not go away without it."

"Hearke

"Hearke me!" replied Trag; "I know better things than that; it would be worſe than cruelty, and thieving to do it, to take it from you, who are as much in want of it as myſelf:—But, Lord! what do I ſee—why—here is a ſword and a belt, and five Louis—ſurely you have not borrowed the ſword to *ſteal* the money with!"

"No, no—the ſword and the money are honeſtly come by; the one is for my own uſe, and the other for yours."

"Why then, if that be the caſe, to tell you what I fear—you have liſted for a ſoldier—and that money is the price of your blood!"

"Never mind that: if ſo, it then becomes you to make the better uſe of it: if you get rich ſooner than me, or I get poorer, then I will claim it: if you get worſe and I mend, I ſhall not want it."

"Why that's true, to be certain; but, at the ſame time, its ſo *cutting*, though it be ſummer weather with you, when you are out at elbows, to dock off the ſleeve of

your coat for me: I might, to be ſure, raiſe ſome money by *liſting*; but, Lord, I like none of your edged tools — no making a ſheath of my body for bayonets:—none of your roundabout ſhot that fly away with a leg and a wing before one can move them out of the way: beſides, for what ſhould you go to fight?—what is a field of glory, or a bed of honour, when one is dying upon it? then being buried where one dies! Let them fight who have got ſomething to loſe, or the world does not care for: I will live for my old father's ſake; I like peace and plenty, and whole bones with a ſtore of good meat on them: Lord knows, if I were to take the bounty, I muſt ſhoot ſomebody, or be ſhot myſelf, and that would be the death of me, here and hereafter; for killing in cold blood is always reckoned upon as good as murder, and I very well know, there would not be a hot drop of blood in all my body: now, in that caſe, my body would be ſent into purgatory, and my ſoul would go to the devil! Beſides, I have, moreover,

a ſpirit

a ſpirit above going in any man's clothes, be he gentle or ſimple."

"I own the force of your rhetoric; and am well convinced that you neither love difficulty nor danger. — Neceſſity—diſappointment — the non-appearance of Mr. Edel—the elements — all have made me embrace the very life you ſo much dread. I have now little to regret, ſince I can fight for my country and thoſe I hold moſt dear, and have it in my power to repay your friendſhip: my horſe will carry me to the path of honour, and the reſt will ſuffice to give joy and liberty to the old man, and diſcharge the debts I have contracted in fooliſhly calculating upon Schmelt's legacy."

"Damme if it ſhall though: no price of blood for me. Why, if you were to kill any body, what would your life be worth! why their blood would be upon your head; and when you were dead, there would be their ghoſt, like raw head and bloody bones, haunting me for the money:

no; I'll tell you what, Ratio, I'll go and raiſe the wind; I'll go to the lawyer, and talk to him about your legacy; and then I'll go and get in my Chriſtmas-boxes, for though it be a few months before hand, that won't matter to me! And then I'll ſell off my old father's ſticks, and his receipt for the tooth-ache, and bring the old boy home again, with money to boot, for charity, you know, never faileth!"

"I ſee your ſchemes are more eaſily formed than executed: and you reckon too faſt to reckon well; take the money, therefore, while I have it; take my ſuperfluous clothes alſo, and diſcharge my debts; and if you can get any mitigation from the Cerberus of a lawyer, ſend me the pleaſure of hearing it, and retain the money: here are eight Louis, and, that my ghoſt may have no claim upon you in caſe of my death, I give you the money, if I die, to buy mourning for me, or employ in charity to your father; the beſt way to deſerve the preſervation of my life is to employ it in acts

acts of benevolence, and thy unlettered heart, Trag, is worthy of a richer friendſhip than mine, becauſe you have always behaved well to your old father. In the confuſed ſtate I am in, if you do not receive it, the landlord will, after which I ſhall be on my route to fight for you, Trag."

"Well, don't make me look fooliſh and ſnivel, Horatio, but I will take it; and, know, my boy, that if you live to come back, maimed, cut, ſcarred, or killed in all your precious members, there is Trag—honeſt, hard-working Trag, will be arms and legs to you! Give me your hand!"

"With all my heart," ſaid Horatio; and he previouſly took the ſum of money, and wrapped it in a piece of rag; which, as he ſhook hands, he depoſited in the palm of Trag's: "There!" continued Horatio, "and now remember what the parſon ſays, "Don't let your right-hand know what your left is about."

"Ay; I underſtand you," ſaid the honeſt fellow: "a word *from* the wife, you know—

but I need not tell you that there never was a better pair of hands for work, both right and left—but, Ratio," continued he, and preſſing his hand with force, " they will never be like your's: they will never belong to a heart ſo good as your's!"

What ſituation could be more intereſting, more undeſigned, and more gratifying than that in which the three parties ſtood! The ears of Edel were ſtretched to their utmoſt extent, and his heart, ſwelled with ſenſibility, preſſed upward to the cavity of the thorax to reproach the ſilence of his tongue. The moment had arrived in which he had received the cue to enter on the boards of this real drama! He opened the door, and beheld the hands of friendſhip united without the hope of intereſt! The effect which was produced is nearly a non-deſcript, and, having laid down the outline of the picture, we muſt leave the finiſhing,—the features, exclamations, and poſitions of the three characters, which may admit of infinite diverſification, to the taſte and liberality of the reader.

reader. Trag, in the moment of ſurpriſe, had let the rag fall, and the golden wheels of fortune diſperſed themſelves in different directions.

"Don't be alarmed, Trag, my honeſt fellow," ſaid Mr. Edel; "I had a previous engagement with this young man before you came in:—Is it from the novelty of holding ſuch a ſum, or fear of me that you have parted with it?"

"O Lord! that I ſhould ſpeak ſo much againſt the great folks and *their* murders, when you have my name ſo pat! but I meant nothing—no malice *be*fore thought in my heart, as I hope for mercy!"

"You have a right to ſpeak freely what you think honeſtly," ſaid Mr. Edel.

"But, ſir," continued he, turning to Horatio, "I thought you were ſhort of money,—and how is it I ſee ſo much to ſpare?"

"By an act of reſolution, ariſing out of circumſtances."

"By

"By reſolution—by—perhaps you mean by a ſtrong remonſtrance to Mr. S——."

"No, truly, ſir; that would be fruitleſs, unleſs I could get a diſpenſation from above to change the nature of the man.—No, ſir; the money is the bounty I have received for entering the army, to which ſeveral cauſes have operated."

Horatio here made a ſign to Trag to withdraw, who replied that he underſtood the hint, and knew how be behave:—he accordingly made as many bows as the ſmall ſpace of four feet to the door would allow, and, in his retiring, begged a thouſand pardons for what he had ſaid ſome time after he was out of hearing.

"Unfortunate and precipitate!" ſaid Mr. Edel, "I have procured the promiſe of a place for you, and your impaience has ruined all!"

"I regret, deeply, ſir, that your friendſhip ſhould be exerted to no purpoſe; I am grateful for it:—but you were the occaſion of it; I waited anxiouſly for your viſit two nights.

nights. The reflection that you had deſerted, or were indifferent about me,—the wants of poor Trag, and the certainty that I had nothing but his kindneſs to depend upon, turned my ſteps into the ſtreet, to ſee if I could hear of any thing among my friends. I was returning unſucceſsful, when the rage of the elements began to gather; to avoid the tempeſt that ſeemed to have a reference to myſelf, I flew for ſhelter into a rendezvous-houſe:—I would have called for ſomething as an equivalent for the protection I received, but my hand felt for money, and found my pocket empty. The people inſide, regardleſs of the ſtorm, were fiddling and dancing for the honour of his majeſty and the glory of the nation! Hilarity ſat on every countenance; and the ſleek, tight, and gay, appearance of ſeveral dragoons, who ſeemed to pay for all, and made me think that this part of their duty was not a very dangerous nor diſagreeable ſervice. They handed the mug very civilly to me, and I thought it was ſome of the beſt ſtuff I ever taſted.

taſted. The fine flavour of brandy was infuſed ſomehow into the ſoftneſs of the ale, with the additional flavour of ſpices; and I called for a pint of the ſame, which the ſerjeant inſiſted upon it, as we were all good fellows, he would pay for, to drink the health of his majeſty. In ſhort, I drank ſo much for the benefit of the King's health, that I hurt my own; and eagerly embraced the flattering proſpects and the liberal bounty they held out to all brave men, 'who had a ſoul ſuperior to induſtry.' I ſtretched out my arm to take that *aque vitæ*, that balſam of life, gold,—and I loſt my liberty. In leſs than an hour I was arrayed in the inſignia of war, atteſted, and furniſhed with minerals and metals for the *good* of the emperor's ſubjects, and for my own advancement to honour and glory."

Mr. Edel now enquired the name of the corps, to what part it was deſtined, and when it was to depart.

To this Horatio informed him that it was not quite complete, but meant to fill up its com-

complement by recruiting in ſlow marches on their route; that its departure would be in a few days, and that he ſhould join it that night.

"It is idle to regret what is now done," ſaid Mr. Edel: "there may have been ſome imprudence, but there is no criminality; and may you prove as fortunate as Edel wiſhes you!—Apropos, ſpeaking of good wiſhes, I had nearly forgotten a circumſtance which is flattering to you and myſelf. In a company into which I had been introduced the night before, I mentioned, in converſation, our rencontre, and the intereſting circumſtances you had related. Several in company recogniſed you, and with one I ſucceeded in obtaining the promiſe of a place in his gift. The ladies, too, ſupplied very liberally their donations of pity and commiſeration in proportion as I deſcanted on your inexperience and youth: all ſpoke much on the ſubject; but one who ſat ſilently attentive, and to whom, when I appealed for her opinion, ſhe regretted that ſhe was

not

not provided with more ſerviceable gifts than good wiſhes. In a ſhort time after, when we were unobſerved by the reſt of the company, ſhe pulled me gently by the ſleeve, and ſaid, 'Good ſir, will you convey this earneſt of eſteem to the young man you have been deſcribing; and make up in kindneſs what is deficient in caſh!—Women, you know, are bewitching creatures, and if I poſſeſs a ſpell which may give the dejected pleaſure, or turn the muſcles of their countenance upwards, it would be ſelfiſh in me to withhold it:—here are five Louis d'ors to ſatisfy the demands of neceſſity. And now, ſir,' continued ſhe, folding her bounty in a piece of paper, and tieing it with ſome thread, 'I commit it to your charge, requeſting you will remember that delicacy and ſecrecy are the jewels which render a *trifle* valuable!' Whoever ſhe may be, ſhe is a charming girl; and if I had fifty children, ſhe ſhould be the wife for them all! She ſhall ever retain the impreſſion ſhe has made on my mind by her manner; and may heaven

heaven bleſs her with a huſband as good and benevolent as herſelf!"

Horatio, who was in the act of ſhaving when Trag had interrupted him, at this juncture had raiſed a fine lather of ſoap, and had anointed his face, while Mr. Edel, proceeding in his ſoliloquy, took from his pocket his commiſſion.

"Her enquiries, too," he continued, "were ſo particular, that I had ſome ſuſpicion her kindneſs was from another ſource rather than pity. She gave me an addreſs where a letter would reach her, and endeavoured to remove the earneſtneſs of her manner, by an obſervation, 'one would like to know what good the poor fellow will do with it.'—Should you?" ſaid I, "and ſhould you not like alſo to know how he receives it? 'What I ſhould moſt *like*,' ſhe replied, 'is not very likely to happen.'

We muſt again interrupted Mr. Edel's narration to obſerve, that he had, in the relation of it, inſenſibly moved to the other ſide of the table, on which ſtood ſome of the

the brown breakfaſt ware, a large pan full of water, a quantity of ſuccedaneum for hair powder and ſoft pomatum. Mr. Edel, was continuing his thread of diſcourſe with the young lady in theſe words:

" And then, I ſuppoſe, my little angel, that—" when Horatio ſnapped it aſunder; leaped forward, overſet the table, and, ſtraddling acroſs it, penned the old gentleman in his arms, and ſqueezed him without mercy, while he vociferated, " An angel—by G—ſhe is a divinity!—ſhe is—ſhe is nothing leſs than a divinity, by heaven!—ſuper, ſuper omnia!"

In the paroxyſm of joy he was loſt to the weight of preſſure in which he held his friend: Mr. Edel had at firſt conceived he was ſeized with a ſudden phrenzy, by his rapid leap to him, his face hid in the ſoap ſuds, and a drawn razor in his hand: and when Horatio quitted his graſp, it would ſeem in the opinion of ſome learned phyſicians, that they were both maniacs. The hat and wig of Mr. Edel had reverſed their poſitions, the upper

upper part of his waiſtcoat and one ſide of his face had come in contact with Horatio: his black velvet breeches received the powder and greaſe without: the water, in its courſe had made uſe of his legs as conductors, and deſcended copiouſly into his ſhoes. In fine, this wreck of matter,—that is the earthenware, and the vociferation of Horatio, had its effects below as well as above. The landlady of the premiſes and her four children came running up to enquire if the houſe was fallen in; but ſhe ſoon conceived, with more probability, that Mr. Edel, who was in Horatio's arms when ſhe entered, was inſane.

Mr. Edel aſſured her that ſhe might apply her obſervation to her lodger, who ſeemed a little touched; but he doubted not if ſhe would convey a little fire up ſtairs to diſpel the damp which Horatio's joy had thrown upon him, and a towel and water to cleanſe the impurities he laboured under, he could act the part of a good phyſician, and the equilibrium of affairs be ſoon reſtored.

The

The cauſe of this extravagant emotion was the note which Mr. Edel had delivered, and which was from the ineſtimable and the affectionate Liſſetta, containing briefly ſentiments of regret for his unprovided ſituation, and aſſurances of an intereſt in her eſteem, while he acted worthy of it. The beſt and important intelligence in the note was that ſhe ſhould ſpend the evening of the next day at her aunt's, and that ſhe would withdraw at the hour of nine preciſely, for the pleaſure of converſing with him on the beſt plan he could purſue, till which time ſhe was his friend.

Theſe were the general contents of this taliſman which had elevated his ſpirits to ſuch a frantic height, and, which, when he turned his thoughts on himſelf, as quickly precipitated him into deſpondency.

In the reverie which followed the ebullition of joy, he had forgotten the groteſque ſituation of his friend, who was waſhing, dying, and rubbing, with great diligence. At length he arouſed him from his fixidity, by

by informing him he was about to take his leave.

" My worthy fellow," ſaid Mr. Edel, " I have now executed my commiſſion, more perhaps to our mutual ſatisfaction than we expected. You have my addreſs, and if you ſhould ever viſit my roof, may you bring with you the moſt pleaſant conſequences from our meeting!—Remember you are a ſoldier: be brave in combat, and merciful at the cloſe it. The beſt actions of a great man are thoſe which he does diſintereſtedly: the next in progreſſion is for the man who makes the diſcovery to reward the merit: this is not in my power; but I always ſhall reverence what is honourable: and, one word more, take this leſſon with you into the field, that there is a Greater Power *than I am behind the curtain.*" Mr. Edel ſhook hands, made a haſty retreat, and promiſed him at a future period that he would ſee him again.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

HORATIA remounted to his room, curſing his precipitancy, which had irrevocably deprived him of a ſituation near the magnet of his heart. The friend fortune had opened to him was gone, and the apples of Paradiſe, the golden roſy fruit, whoſe branches waved to him in token of invitation, were guarded by demons, in the form of Liſſetta's mother and the rigid Abbé. "Pitiable ſtate! hopeleſs inſignificancy! To night I am to ſee the bright planet whoſe radiance will perhaps never illuminate me again: On the following day I muſt march from the ſoil on which ſhe treads,—the fields and walks in which we have learned to eſteem each other."

He

He had almoſt forgotten that it was neceſſary to repair to the ſerjeant of the regiment, and that he had to arrange his military dreſs, preparatory to their march in the morning. All theſe neceſſaries being adjuſted, the hour of nine approximated, and the manly and military ſtep of Horatio bent its way to the place of aſſignation. He had not appriſed Liſſetta of the change in his condition, nor had Liſſetta a ſuſpicion of ſuch an event. She ſtarted on the evening of meeting Horatio, when ſhe had quitted her friend's houſe, at being accoſted by a youth in the dreſs of a dragoon; and when the voice of her lover brought him to her ſenſes, the ſame moment plunged them into the moſt hopeleſs ſuſpence.

"Good heaven!" cried the timid Liſſetta: "Horatio, is it you?"

"Yes," replied Horatio, with emotion, "it is me indeed, Liſſetta!"

"Surely ſome ſtrange whimſey has induced you to aſſume this ſtrange dreſs?"

" Neceſſity—fate—my unlucky ſtars—my evil genius—or what you will, dear girl!"

" What! and have you entered into the army?" ſaid the petrified Liſſetta.

" Yes, Liſſetta, it is indeed ſo! I am a ſoldier!"

" Poor Horatio:—and a common ſoldier too!" They walked on, and Liſſetta inclined her head another way to hide thoſe ſymptoms of pity in her eyes, which were to ſupply the place of words. For fifty paces they continued ſilent; until a ſtumble, which Liſſetta made, looſened Horatio's tongue.

" I am going, Liſſetta, to-morrow: I am going from you for a nameleſs time." The heart of Horatio was overcome with the penſiveneſs of Liſſetta's; and the approach towards the extremity of their walk put on the tedious pace of criminals leading to execution: it was a ſeparation that might be final, and which neceſſity demanded.

Liſſetta

Liſſetta conjured him to write and direct to a certain place, and Horatio ſwore it would be his only pleaſure.

" Not ſo, neither," exclaimed ſhe, referring to an old cuſtom which has prevailed between lovers in ages paſt, and will continue while the tender paſſion exiſts: " take this miniature of myſelf, drawn by the worthy Abbé; and, in return, give me ſome token of remembrance."

Alas! Horatio had nothing to give.

" I have nothing," ſaid he " to return, but the heart next which I ſhall wear this dear reſemblance."

" A truce with this nonſenſe," cried the deceptive heart of Liſſetta; " if you cannot beſtow a ſimilar gift in your likeneſs, I can have a piece of the *reality* :" and with the *naiveté* that could not be reſiſted at a moment of ſeparation, ſhe detached a lock of hair from the mellow brown ringlets which profuſely ſhaded his face. In a few ſeconds they had reached the door.

" Now," ſaid Liſſetta, raiſing her hand to pull the bell; " now, Horatio," and ſhe raiſed her hand upwards a ſecond time, " we are going to part on the very ſtep which firſt brought us together."

" Then," exclaimed the agitated youth, " we will, on the ſame ſtone, ſeal, once more, that affection it gave birth to :" and, letting go her hand, he folded her in his arms, and impreſſed on her lips the feelings and trepidation of his own.

Liſſetta raiſed her hand a third time, the door opened at the ſummons, and Horatio ſaw his *chief good* retire reluctantly from his view.

He withdrew from the ſcene, and paſſed in broken dreams the night, and early in the morning the regiment was ordered to prepare for their departure. When the period of its proceſſion arrived, all the idle, the curious, and honeſt Trag, were aſſembled to teſtify their good wiſhes; and Liſſetta, among the reſt, placed herſelf at a neighbour's window: ſhe had perſuaded her mother

mother juſt to take a turn to a friend's to ſee the regiment ſet off. Her penetrating eyes ſoon diſcovered the object it ſought for, and her lips ſilently declared that compulſion repreſſed their powers.

Horatio paſſed without raiſing any ſuſpicion, and with no other motion than a firm fixed look at the treaſure he was retiring from; and many were the inverſions of his head, till the bend of the road ſeparated the viſual communication.

Liſſetta, though ſhe did not partake of the *penchant* moſt females have for military habiliments, thought the regimentals appeared better on him, and that he even ornamented the dreſs; that he was more erect, genteel, and *en cavalier*, than the officer himſelf: ſhe was proceeding to pourtray him, in future, on a fine charger, and herſelf by his ſide; and had actually diſpoſed of a commiſſion to him, which he was gallantly bending to receive, when her mother broke the reverie, and aſked her what

ſhe was looking that way for, when there was nothing to ſee.

The converſation continued after they reached home, and as we have given a ſpecimen, we ſhall leave the parties awhile to the pleaſures of it.

CHAP. VIII.

IT will be neceſſary to revert a little to a character who have been placed for a time in the back ground of our picture. Albert had remained in England, and had eſtabliſhed himſelf in a reſpectable houſe, and by his diligence and activity, on the demiſe of one of the partners, was admitted to a ſmall partnerſhip concern, a circumſtance

cumſtance and an advantage which freed him more locally than before. An angry letter, which La Somme had written to prejudice his reſpectability, had produced no injurious effect, and was treated rather as a love quarrel, than an impeachment of his honour. With Albert, indeed, it did not paſs off ſo eaſily; he readily perceived that La Somme's diſſatisfaction had increaſed, and that Ella had acted uniformly with him. Determined, however, that he would not be remiſs in his duty, now that he had brought the concerns to an iſſue which La Somme had given him in commiſſion, he tranſmitted every document and ſum of money, and likewiſe a long letter of reſpect from himſelf: he mentioned pathetically the ſenſe of the obligations he felt, and the return he had endeavoured to make, by offering his daughter an undivided heart: he conceived that ſome more fortunate perſon muſt have ſuperceded him in Ella's boſom, had raiſed her prejudice againſt him, and abſolved her from thoſe vows which her

ſincerity, he believed, had formerly made: that he intended, the firſt opportunity, to re-viſit the continent, and prove, in the moſt demonſtrative manner, that he was above deception.

This packet was directed to La Somme's reſidence at Stettin, and of courſe remained there till his return, which did not, from his journey and the gout, take place for ſome time.

La Somme, when he had parted from farmer Martin's, and left Ella in his charge, had intended to bend his route more to the ſouthward; but, as we have before ſtated, the gout angrily made its appearance to La Somme, at that juncture, and perched on his toe. He endured this painful companion for three weeks, before it diſappeared, during which time he was rendered eaſy at his long abſence from home, by the ſuppoſition that Ella was there anxiouſly waiting his coming, or at farmer Martin's; and he was confirmed in this concluſion, by a letter which he had actually received from her, that

that ſhe intended, inſtead of coming to him, to proceed homewards, accompanied by her friend, Liſſetta, to ſee that every thing was well, and, after having reſted herſelf a few days at Stettin, to return to farmer Martin's, by which time ſhe earneſtly prayed there might be no obſtacle to his joining her.

La Somme, finding himſelf perfectly recovered, reſolved, without delay, to proceed to his old tenant's, and, having determined to keep the time of his quitting Fryherr's unknown to him, he hugged himſelf, as he travelled in the chaiſe, with the high gratification his ſudden return would create in the boſom of his dear girl: indeed he expected to have ſeen her at the door of the carriage immediately on its drawing up to the farmer's gate. The good Martin indeed came, but Ella was not there.

"Where is Ella?" ſaid La Somme, directly he had diſcharged the poſt-boy.

"I expected to have found her with you," replied Martin: "I saw her set off for tha purpose; and I took every precaution that no mistake should happen."

"However it be," said La Somme, she has never reached me; and if it were not for the receipt of this letter, bearing the post-mark of our town, I should be completely miserable:—I should suspect that she had deserted poor La Somme!"

"Never fear," said the former, who was affected by the piteous accent of his landlord; "the letter is evidently her writing; as she found me perhaps too rigid in my observations, rather than meet Henry, she had returned to Stettin, no doubt, with her friend, Lisetta; which we can readily enquire to-morrow morning."

"Very true," said La Somme; "and while I am loading her with suspicions, she may be entitled to my acknowledgements for her prudence and forethought.—Let us, therefore, Martin, not meet sorrow half way, unless it be to drown her in a pitcher of your best ale."

"With

"With all my heart," reſumed Martin; "and ſince we have begun with family matters, I know no reaſon why we ſhould not end the day with them: I promiſed you the laſt time, that my Roſella would furniſh enough converſation to laſt out three full pipes, and as many jugs of ale; and as you may find yourſelf intereſted in one of the performers, I ſay we may as well bring them forward.

"Well then, ſir, you muſt know my only daughter, though reared in our humble circle, poſſeſſed the advantage of an early education: all that was in my power then was beſtowed; and ſhe attained to the extent of the learning of a reſpectable ſeminary. My wife and I had very many and ſharp diſputes, about the beſt method of advancing her in the world, and enabling her to take an active part in it as early as poſſible: I contended that ſhe would be of infinite uſe in the houſe, that ſhe would be better under the inſtructive eye of her parents; and by teaching her leſſons of prac-

tical œconomy, and good family management, ſhe would be adapted for the wife of ſome plain and honeſt young fellow, ſuch I conceived myſelf twenty years ago. My wife was of a different opinion then—an ambition which vaniſhed before her death. As the girl had good natural parts and black eyes, ſhe contended that they were given to little purpoſe, if they were occupied only in tending the farm-yard, and were not exhibited to thoſe who had diſcernment to diſcover, and ability to reward them. Though the logic was well dreſſed, I thought the miſchief would be as great as the advantage, and therefore reſolved, in ſpite of my wife and her reaſons, that ſhe ſhould not quit the farm. In this way things paſſed on for a twelve-month, and Roſella had attained her fourteenth year, and was, indeed, for every body ſaid ſo, as pretty and good a girl as any of the villages about produced: ſhe had nice even teeth, long brown hair, and ſuch an arch looking round face! that I was not a little delighted with the ſmiles of ſuch a cherub at the door, to welcome

come me from the labour of the day. A thouſand times, when young, have I curſed the noiſe of the ſqualling toad, and wondered at the folly of young people, in procuring for themſelves the uncomfortableneſs and expences they are ſure to produce: but what avails all this, after you are uſed to it? The trifling troubles ſoon fled, and, as ſhe grew up, I felt ten thouſand comforts ſpring forward for the thouſand pains I had conjured up: I felt myſelf elevated when ſhe was praiſed for the fineneſs of her form, and the healthineſs of her complexion; nay, I transferred the credit to myſelf, and thought I was her father; I pulled off my boots with leſs difficulty when ſhe fetched the jack, and always threw an extra faggot on the fire, when ſhe obſerved that nobody ſtirred it ſo well as father. My wife too was equally pleaſed; and maintained, that next to herſelf, ſhe manufactured the beſt puddings — that ſhe knitted the trueſt — and could recollect the dates of the moſt remarkable events in the family. Theſe were the fleecy

fleecy days of our lives, and we were as gay and lively as colts, becauſe we were proſperous and contented. Though Roſella was very young, the lads readily diſcerned where the fineſt fruit was to be found; and ſhewed their modeſt advances in the ruſticity of their compliments. At this period a lady came to reſide with us for a ſhort time, the wife of the very gentleman whom you have laſt parted from, Mr. Freyherr, induced by the healthineſs of our looks, and the ſalubrity of the air. She requeſted to ſtay the ſummer ſeaſon, that ſhe might regain her health, which had been reduced by a ſevere ague and fever. The little attentions of Roſella were amuſing to the patient, and paſſed away lightly many of the hours, which, to a perſon accuſtomed to a more extenſive and faſhionable acquaintance, muſt have worn a dull uniformity. Roſella pointed out to her the moſt favourite walks; this produced exerciſe: ſhe lead her to the top of the higheſt hills, to enjoy the proſpect; this procured the advantage

advantage of the pureſt air: ſhe entertained her with village tales and anecdotes; this amuſed her mind: and the arch Roſella generally wound up the ſimple narration, with a dedication to her patroneſs, that ſhe ſhould like to live any where with her. Mrs. Fryherr was not inſenſible to this juvenile flattery, and who does not reſemble her? We all love the tribute, if it wear the ſemblance of ſincerity. Fine weather and ſimple diet ſoon reſtored nature to her former ſtate; the languor abated, and ruſty health recovered the tints ſhe had loſt. This favourable account was tranſmitted to her huſband, who thought he and his boy might as well come for a fortnight or ſo; and, that the farmer might not think of an extra charge for himſelf and ſon, he reſolved to ſhew us that he was in high health and appetite. In a ſhort time they arrived, and a pair of eccentric characters they certainly were. The lad was then about ſixteen years of age, was comely and graceful; and I ſoon diſcovered that each of the parents doated

doated on him, and never agreed in any particular which reſpected his pleaſure and dreſs. Three weeks had paſſed ſince their arrival, during all which time, Mr. Freyherr had been propoſing to ſet off the following day, without making any preparation to put it in execution. The ſhort reſidence of the parties had given birth to ſome latent feelings and proſpects, which I could not foreſee nor prevent. The young gentleman had taken a boyiſh fancy to Roſella, which was hidden under a great liking he had for the pretty walks, and ſloping hills, there were to run down. The mother and father generally made another couple in theſe promenades, and were generally left to mount by themſelves, or perſuaded to reſt on the ſeat at the foot, while they took juſt a turn round; and when they were thus removed from their obſervation, Roſella was ſure to receive attentions from the youth, which their inſtinctive prudence reſtrained from being exhibited before the parents. In ſhort, ſo well conducted was this

this early and infantine ſhade of affection, that neither my viſitors, nor any of us, ſuſpected it: and it appeared only in ſuch a ſhape, that no one could trace the features of it. Mr. and Mrs. F. had both obſerved that our daughter had not only their approbation, but even young Mr. Fryherr's, who ſeldom troubled his head in theſe matters. At night my wife divulged the plan which ſhe had ratified; and, as ſhe had concluded that I ſhould be averſe to it, had reſolved to attack me at the moſt vulnerable time, when we were in bed. 'My dear Martin,' ſhe began, 'I have good news to tell you, which makes my heart leap with joy.'

"Well then," ſaid I, ſomewhat eagerly, "it is never too ſoon to tell it."

"You muſt know, then," ſaid ſhe, that our viſitors will take Roſella home with them; and, as they have each a fancy for her, they think that ſhe may amuſe their lonely hours: you know ſhe can read and write with any girl of her age; and then, as for

for dreſs, who has a prettier notion? who puts on your wig more even than ſhe does, and who ties your neckcloth like Roſella? Beſides which, ſhe can—"

"Well," ſaid I, "what ſignifies telling me of what I know: but as ſhe can do all theſe things ſo well, ſhe can do them for nobody better than her father and mother, and therefore ſhe is beſt at home."

"There, now," ſaid my wife, peeviſhly, you always oppoſe our child's good; perhaps we ſhall never have ſuch an offer again. The purpoſe of her going is to improve herſelf with Mrs. Fryherr; and when ſhe is a little older, ſhe will be a fit match for their—that is, there is no accounting what may happen to Roſella: there is no doubt of her being well treated; if it ſhould not prove ſo, we can but ſend for her home: but you know, as one of her books ſays, "nothing venture, nothing have:—fortune favours the brave—faint heart never won a fair lady—better be born fortunate than rich—make hay—"

"Enough,

"Enough, enough!" cried I, "my dear, out of the little book: and, in diſobedience to theſe old ſayings, I am ſtill for her ſtaying with us, notwithſtanding your proſpects: —Nothing venture, nothing loſe, you know."

"Well, Martin," returned ſhe, "you may go on doubting and fearing, till you tumble into the ſlough of Deſpond; but with me there is nothing like doing; and as I have an equal ſhare with you in the girl, I do inſiſt that I do have my way: —There is our neighbour's daughter is doing very well, and why ſhould not Roſella?"

"I gave up any farther remonſtrance, and my reſolution to oppoſe her ſoon followed it. My wife having, therefore, thus accompliſhed this conſent entirely by female *influence*, loſt no time the next morning in informing our gueſts, and the little heart of Roſella was not the leaſt rejoiced. We had no embarraſſment in packing up her clothes, becauſe they were very few; and

and in two day's time, our viſitors departed, and we ſaw Roſella, to whom we had given affectionate leſſons on her conduct, leave the farm to better her fortune.

" In as ſhort a period as we could expect, her brother received a letter from her, in which ſhe bid him inform us, that ſhe liked her friends extremely, and was treated on the moſt familiar footing.

" Here ſhe reſided till the period arrived in which I was compelled to leave my farm, and with my wife and boys, entered the army, during which period their ſon Henry was at ſchool. I thanked Providence in all my troubles, that my girl was ſafe, and my wife took no ſmall praiſe to herſelf, though ſhe had not an atom of foreſight in that event any more than I had.

" When I was reinſtated by your bounty in the preſent ſpot, I wrote her a long and affectionate detail of the paſt occurrences, and mentioned the pious wiſh of her mother that ſhe ſhould return home till I ſettled myſel

myſelf or married again:—To this letter I received a very dutiful anſwer, hoping I would not urge the quitting Mrs. Fryherr at a juncture when her lady found her health indifferent. To her brother ſhe incloſed another letter, which I diſpatched to him at your houſe, and ſince which ſhe has never written to me. I admitted her excuſe becauſe I thought ſhe could beſt judge of the propriety of my requeſt, and ſhe continued three months without farther notice on my part.

"On my writing a ſecond letter to her, it came back unopened, accompanied by another from Mrs. Fryherr, the contents of which gave me much uneaſineſs. She there obſerved that Roſella no longer reſided with her, but that ſhe had procured an eligible ſituation for her at an intimate friend's: that ſhe had obſerved, ſince her ſon and Roſella had grown up, a predilection for each other, and a familiarity which met neither her huſband's nor her approbation: ſhe had, therefore, ſpoken to Roſella,

ſella, who promiſed to give no encouragement to his advances, on the condition that it ſhould not be mentioned to her father: that this, therefore, he muſt keep a ſecret, and that in the mean time, from their friend's watchfulneſs, the faithful promiſes of Roſella, and having ſent their ſon off to a friend, ſhe had no doubt the intimacy had wholly ſubſided. She farther mentioned that Roſella had received ſeveral letters from Stettin, and which ſhe had anſwered; but whether they were of a proper tendency or not ſhe could not aſcertain.

" Such was the contents of this firſt uncomfortable letter, which began to verify the predictions I had held of her leaving the farm. I wrote to her in her new place, and received an anſwer by Mrs. Fryherr, in which I was aſſured that ſhe was comfortably placed, and that ſhe had determined to return the preſents ſhe had received from Henry.

" This, in a fit of parental and brotherly reſpect, it appears, ſhe did, and ſent to the houſe

houſe of her patroneſs, as a token of her purity; Mrs. Fryherr (poſſeſſed of the marks of Roſella's rejection) reſolved to ſend the diſcarded gifts to her ſon, to convince him that Roſella had treated his paſſion with coolneſs and contempt. Mrs. Fryherr did this to awaken his pride and baniſh every recollection of her from his boſom; inſtead of which, love took the alarm, and he found a vacuity in his breaſt which ſhe only could ſupply. She had planned with great certainty this manœuvre, which produced a totally diverſe effect.—The young gentleman obtained leave of abſence from college for a ſhort time, and improved it to ſet off to Roſella's reſidence, to know the cauſes which had induced her poſitive deciſion. He prudently watched the opportunity of her walking out in the evening to diſcover himſelf, as his perſon was well known in the family.

The ſudden appearance of her lover, his tender manner, and eloquent pleading, broke all the barriers ſhe had fortified her heart with:

with: if he was an enemy, he was an irreſiſtible one, and what could ſhe do? if ſhe could not fly to regain her liberty, ſhe muſt remain in ſlavery—a ſlavery that to her was equal to perfect freedom. She ſatisfied Mr. Fryherr that the preſſing remonſtrances of her brother had determined her not to liſten to his reaſoning, and that next to himſelf he was the object of her cares and wiſhes. The ſpark of Roſella's affection had been ſmothered up, not extinguiſhed, and the application of ſuch a powerful *lens* as Henry ſoon increaſed the flame to its former height. The opportunities of converſing with him were few, from the difficulty of walking out alone; and this unfortunate circumſtance could be only removed by Roſella meeting him in the garden when the family had retired to reſt.

"Henry had but a fortnight's leave of abſence, and, as the time drew near, Roſella, without heſitation, and regardleſs of danger, thought ſhe might enjoy the comfortable ſecrecy, while he ſtaid. Three nights, they, like

like the firſt pair, traverſed the garden by moonlight, and retired. The following night the horizon, before they could ſever themſelves from each other, became cloudy, ſtormy, and vindictive, and Roſella ſuggeſted that they might retire into the houſe without danger. Here they laughed at the pelting ſtorm till it had ſubſided, and retired at the uſual time. The following night, which was the night of ſeparation, they agreed to rendezvous in the houſe, and the back door was left open by Roſella for that purpoſe.

"Young Fryherr, as I have before ſtated, was well acquainted with the family to which Roſella had been ſent, whoſe inhabitants were intended to act as a duenna upon his conduct and her's. Nothing had tranſpired for ſome time which could lead them to ſuſpect the continuance of their intimacy, and therefore Roſella had much more liberty allowed her. The young gentleman, being the laſt night of performance, came much earlier than uſual, and on enter-

ing the parlour after finding every thing quiet, he perceived Roſella had not deſcended: as he knew perfectly well the ſituation of every room in the houſe, he reſolved to anticipate her expectation, and enter her ſitting-room. The liberty he had taken excited at the firſt impulſe ſurpriſe and diſpleaſure, which were removed in as ſhort a time as we have been relating them. The moſt hazardous interviews are always the ſweeteſt, and the latter ſenſation had ſo removed the fear of detection, that the lovers never conſidered, that, in caſe of a ſurpriſe, their retreat was cut off.

"At this moment it ſo happened that the gardener found he muſt repair to the garden from inevitable neceſſity. In his return he beheld the back parlour door half open, and which he recollected to have faſtened. He advanced,—he ſtepped a few paces into the dark room:—he heard nothing ſtir; and he had juſt concluded that it could not be thieves who had opened the door, when he kicked againſt ſomething which ſtood in the middl

middle of the floor: he ſtooped—and, lo! he put his hand upon a pair of men's ſhoes: his courage ſunk—and his hair, as he afterwards deſcribed it, lifted up his hat, and all his blood ſtood ſtill! In his rapid movement out of the parlour he brought his head in contact with the bar of the door, which hit him full on the mouth, but did not prevent his gaining the garden again: he now mounted up his own ſtaircaſe, were all was ſafe, and waked the coachman and footman, who roſe immediately on hearing his noiſe, and ſeeing his murderous figure, which might have terrified even death himſelf. In lifting his hand to his mouth, he had beſpattered his face with the blood which iſſued from it; and what had not been thus diſtributed, had fallen in large quantities on his cravat, where the contraſt of red and white near the ſeat of life very naturally, as the gardener innocently declared, led them to ſuppoſe he was a *murdered man.*

"After a few moments of uncertainty as to the real cauſe of this diſaſter, the gardener

was enabled to articulate "Thieves!" and it became neceſſary to exert their perſonal courage.

"Having armed themſelves, they entered the parlour, and penetrated to the foot of the ſtaircaſe, without any interruption: but it was impoſſible that three men, ſtumbling upon one another in the dark, could effect this without much noiſe and confuſion.

"The alarm and uproar in the houſe was ſoon completed:—the maſter, the miſtreſs, and the female ſervants intermingled to aſcertain the cauſe of their fright, and this ſerved as the ſignal for the gardener to open the door. The three deſperadoes then ſallied up ſtairs, and briefly told their maſter that there was a gang of thieves in the houſe, and one of them had juſt deſcended. Roſella came down in a few minutes, and, when a general ſearch was ordered by the whole ſtrength of the garriſon, ſhe joined the party. The upper rooms were all inveſtigated: Roſella's room, as ſhe was the laſt out, might have even eſcaped, if it had not been re-

remarked that they could not be too circumſpect, as it was obſerved that the moſt hardened ghoſt was never known to knock a man's mouth down his throat.—Here, folded round in triple folds of the window curtains was ſtanding the young adventurer; and he might have remained unnoticed, if his toes had not formed a ſtumbling block, and tripped up the old maſter, who, in riſing, laid hold of the curtain and Mr. Fryherr's hand with it.

" Thus ended the buſineſs—the myſtery was brought from behind the curtain, and the developement of the buſineſs began.—Henry was recogniſed and detected; and the abaſhed, half-fainting Roſella was implicated in the conſpiracy. Every doubt was now removed, and the young gentleman experienced the ſame fate; he was turned out of the houſe, and Roſella was reſerved for a lecture on the following morning, and to remain there no longer than ſhe could be delivered into Mrs. Fryherr's cuſtody.

"An account of this flagitious and midnight intruſion was immediately diſpatched to the Fryherr family, the good lady of which, with the ſame celerity, conveyed the intelligence to me. You can readily imagine, ſir, by the ſimilar anxieties which you have felt, that I loſt no time in ſetting off for Mr. Fryherr's, and thence to Potſdam, the place of Roſella's reſidence, to reclaim,—to take home,—an imprudent, if not a loſt, an abandoned daughter: I ſaddled the old mare, and put a pillion behind for Roſella, to humble her pride, and remind her of thoſe days when ſhe rode behind me without a blemiſh on her character.

" Mrs. Fryherr, on my appearance, added to the burthen I bore the ſeverity of her unjuſt concluſions, which I could combat only by my expreſſions of regret.

" Having obtained deſtination of my journey, I proceeded with the all the expedition my old mare would permit, which was not very faſt; but I ſet a great ſtore by her,—for ſhe never made *one ſlip* yet.—Ah! Roſella,

Roſella, would I could ſay the ſame by you! —At every ſtoppage I met, I curſed my own folly in having ſuffered my wife to over-perſuade me, and reſolving to ſteel my heart againſt Roſella for the trouble and expence her indiſcretion had put me to; I journeyed on, diſtreſſed in mind, low in pocket, and weakened in health. When I had reached the neareſt village alehouſe to the abode of Roſella, I put up my horſe, and proceeded on foot to recover the loſt ſheep. The porter at the lodge, on ſeeing me looking up at the houſe, and then earneſtly regard the direction I had in my hand, demanded of me what I was looking at?

"I'm looking for my daughter, my friend," ſaid I; "pray tell me if ſhe is at home?"

"Perhaps ſhe may—though we do not know people's names by looking in their faces?"

"Her name, my friend is Roſella Martin,—ſhe is my daughter."

"So you ſaid before; and ſo now I ſay ſhe is not here."

"For heaven's ſake, pray tell me where ſhe is?"

"We don't know—we only know ſhe is not here."

"Look ye, friend," ſaid I, agitated, "I am the father of that girl, and I have travelled a great many miles to ſee her, and ſave her from ruin.—A father's tender happineſs is concerned in her's; ſhe is all that I am anxious about in this world, and therefore, if you have any ſoftneſs, any honey in your heart, tell me where I may find her." There was ſomething in my addreſs that ſoftened his churliſhneſs, and he bid me come into the lodge. When I had entered, I repeated the queſtion neareſt my heart.

"She ſet off from here laſt night in a poſt-chaiſe," ſaid he; "for I ſaw her into it."

"Laſt night!—a poſt-chaiſe!" I exclaimed, and ſunk into an old elbow chair, where the tears ſoon filled my eyes, and

ſhewed

ſhewed the tide of feeling which was ſwelling within.

" Don't be alarmed," ſaid the porter, drawing from his pocket a large bottle with the words labelled on it ' Friars' Balſam ;' " take a drop of this, as good as any the parſon talks of at the Pool of Bethesda, and I will have a drop myſelf, if its only to comfort you ; I do not like a man to weep—it creeps like ivy about my heart, if I ſee that childiſhneſs come on again—I'll tell you all about what nobody knows, after you have had a drop of comfort, the warmth of which will dry up your eyes."

When he had adminiſtered his well intended recipe, he proceeded :

" I know your daughter very well ; for ſhe was a pretty and a good-natured girl, and we all liked her—and no wonder other folks than we did. There was a lady came here about a month ago, and it was whiſpered that ſhe came to ſee about her ; and it appears that ſhe is mother to a young fellow who is nephew to my maſter. Roſella and I

always ſet our horſes well together; and I have received two or three letters privately for her, and it has ſo happened that when ſhe has given a letter to me, it has always been aſked for within a few minutes after I got it,—by which I ſuſpected there was ſome under-handed ſweet-hearting. When you came I did not ſuppoſe you were her father, but had come for no good: now you muſt know as a matter of great ſecrecy, that this ſame nephew is a good fellow at the bottom; and ſome time ago it was whiſpered that Roſy and he loved each other, but that her coming here, and his going to college had broke it off:—and ſo we all ſhould have thought if the young fox had not been caught in her room a few days ago, and ſent off with a whip-hand. This very to-morrow ſhe was to have ſet off back, if you had not come, and now you are come ſhe is gone without you. This morning the whole buſineſs was found out: when the cook went to call her up, as ſhe had not got up at her uſual

uſual hour, no Roſy was to be ſeen—the bird was flown, and all her feathers with her. But this not to the point:—ſo yeſterday there was poſt-chaiſe came into the road in the afternoon, and as the poſt-boy and I know each other, he came here in returning to have a drop of my balſam, and informed me he ſhould be by again late at night, for he had to bring the chaiſe, and wait for a gentleman a little diſtance from our houſe; and ſure enough when he went by, we got up together, and drove about a hundred yards beyond the lodge: in about an hour's time a perſon of the ſize of Henry got into the chaiſe, and I got down, and walked after it. I might be about fifty yards from it when it ſuddenly ſtopped, and a young female came up with a bundle, and I could ſee by the moonlight the perſon jump out and hand her in.—This I am ſure was Roſella, but they drove for the road that leads to Zell."

"The porter's narration affected me deeply, and did not loſe its effect upon

him. There was not a proſpect of any good reſulting from my ſtay, and I did not like to be queſtioned by the miſtreſs of the houſe: I therefore remounted my faithful old companion, and, as we traverſed the road of diſappointment back to Mrs. Fryherr's, I threw the uſeleſs pillion into a hedge. "Lie there," ſaid I; "thou canſt not carry a more unworthy one than the wretched and ruined Roſella!"

"Mr. Fryherr had, when I reached his houſe, ſet off to college for the purpoſe of aſcertaining if his ſon were there, and bringing him back with him; and with reſpect to this unhappy affair, I have nothing to reproach his conduct with.—His lady was exceſſively alarmed at the unfortunate termination of my journey, and acted in concert with me for the beſt means of diſcovering her. It appeared likewiſe, from her account, that a corroborating circumſtance has ſince been diſcovered of his affection, which tranſpired by the ſilverſmith having ſent in his bill

bill ſince you left the farm for Luben. This was an exorbitant charge for a fancy locket which had been executed for young Fryherr, and was done according to a deſign he had ſent. The tradeſman not knowing when he might ſee the young gentleman's money, thought it would not be amiſs to place it to the old gentleman's account, and this produced an enquiry. For her ſon's ſake, therefore, as well as mine, Mrs. Fryherr promiſed to make every ſearch to diſcover her: which has hitherto, alas! proved ineffectual. I returned dejected and deſponding to my farm, and ſince that period have been unable to trace her; nor does Albert, I believe, know what is become her, unleſs her letters are conveyed to England, which even then I ſhould be informed of. Conſcious, if ſhe has any conſcience yet remaining, ſhe hides her face from an injured father, or whirled round in the vortex of diſſipation, ſhe laughs at the ties of a parent and a brother!

" A

" No long time has elapſed ſince this event took place, and young Mr. Fryherr has remained at home ever ſince, except, indeed, a ſhort viſit which he paid to a relation ſome time ſince, and where he remained for a few days, while his mother paid a friendly viſit to Liſſetta's mother, and prepared her for the match ſhe wiſhed Liſſetta and her ſon to make, and which was ſpeedily terminated, by the young gentleman's arrival, and his unaccountable conduct. I have ſince that ſeen him, and intreated him with all the energy I was maſter of, to diſcloſe the extent of his connexion with Roſella. This he in part complied with, and aſſured me on his ſacred word and honour, he had left her as virtuous and as good as when he firſt found her; and that he removed every idea from his boſom of uniting his fate with her's, ſince the family obſtacles made it inſurmountable, and he was wholly ignorant of any channel by which ſhe could be traced. It was a ſuſpicious intelligence, but ſuch as it

it was I have yet continued to ſuffer the loſs of honour in two of my beſt hopes, without being overwhelmed—one boy is yet left to me, and though his occupation is but that of a ſoldier, without a friend, and without a foe but the enemy,—I am contented that his duty and honeſty are worthy of a better lot."

The three pipes were by this time out, and La Somme inſiſted that Martin ſhould fill another jug and one more pipe to what he had to ſay.—" Now," ſaid La Somme, " I'll give you a toaſt, and we will drink it with a full heart!—Here's Albert Martin's health! and may his ſiſter be as blameleſs as he is!"

" I muſt have an explanation," ſaid the farmer; " you are joking with my misfortunes."

" Not ſo, indeed," reſumed La Somme; " if your narrative has loaded your daughter with the fouleſt ſuſpicions, it has wiped them away from Albert: he is reſtored to my confidence: would to heaven I could reſtore

reſtore him to Ella's. You have ſatisfactorily traced the progreſs of the locket, and opened a tale, which he, from delicacy, I have no doubt, has guarded with the utmoſt ſilence. Nothing will now prevent me from writing an acknowledgement for the prejudices I have laid him under, and repreſenting to Ella the claim he has in preference to her affection."

"Thank you, La Somme," ſaid Martin: "a thouſand bleſſings for this news,—we'll drink his health in a butt of ale, and drown ourſelves in it afterwards, if that would but reſtore Roſella—but come, here is your toaſt; and now I ſhall give mine:—Here's Albert and Ella, and may they be happy in marriage."

We ſhall not fatigue the reader with any more of their toaſts, which now began to flow ſo faſt, and thicken with the ſmoke of the tobacco, that ſentiment was never once thought of; and poor reaſon received ſuch a blow on the head, that ſhe was laid on the floor. The happy pair not being able

able to find her, were at length conducted up to bed, and snored a *requiem* to all their losses and gains.

CHAP. IX.

EARLY the next morning La Somme walked forward, under the agreeable impression of surprising Ella at the breakfast-table of her friend. Liffetta received him with a friendly pressure of the hand, and welcomed his return from his gouty detention at Luben; and her last enquiry was after her beloved Ella, whom she had expected to have seen with him.

"Ah! you baggage," said La Somme, "you are chiding me for not having myself

ſelf made that my firſt queſtion; but my affection is not the leſs for the omiſſion:—tell me how does my little Ella? is ſhe not up yet?"

"My dear ſir," reſumed Liſſetta, "theſe are queſtions which you muſt reſolve; ſhe left us to repair to you at Fryherr's, ſince which time I have neither ſeen nor heard from her."

"She has not been with me," ſaid La Somme; "I have her letter that ſhe would meet me here or at farmer Martin's, and ſhe is neither here nor with him!"

"No!" exclaimed the credulous Liſſetta.

"No!" re-echoed the petrified La Somme.

"Alas! poor Ella," ſaid Liſſetta, "I am fearful ———"

"That ſhe has again deceived me!" exclaimed La Somme: "I feel the ſame conviction:—but I know the cauſe; I will ſeek the villain who has ſeduced her, and inflict on him the anxieties I ſuffer."

"Don't

"Don't be too agitated," ſaid the amiable Liſſetta; "the intelligence has been too much for you. There yet exiſts a probability that ſhe may be detained at home. Your illneſs at Luben was quite unexpected, and ſhe is liable to the ſame contingency."

"Would to heaven I could place her abſence to ſuch an account!" rejoined La Somme. "Excuſe me, my good girl; I feel that I muſt fly home; perhaps I may not be too late, if ſhe has meditated an eſcape—nay, I may yet protect her from the villain who has broken my peace, and ſacrifice him to my reſentment!"—La Somme tenderly embraced Liſſetta, and thanking her for the ſolicitude ſhe felt for his Ella, he haſtened to prepare immediately for his return.

At length he arrived at the dwelling where the juvenile days of Ella had mingled inſtruction and delight, and had promiſed himſelf a ſtream of comfort when he ſhould, from old age, become only a paſ-

ſive

ſive ſpectator of its increaſe. He entered the houſe in the profundity of thought, neither aſking a queſtion, nor regarding the ſervant who opened it. He liſtened at the foot of the ſtairs a few minutes, and then turned into the ſide parlour: here he ſat down with a heart full of woe, and dreading to aſk the fatal queſtion: a few minutes more paſſed,—but the muſic of Ella's voice ſounded not on the ſtairs to welcome him: all was gloomy and ſilent; till the waiting-maid earneſtly aſked if her young miſtreſs was not come with him?

He ſignificantly ſhook his head, and waved his hand for her to leave him:—he roſe up, and as he traverſed the room, his eye caught the ſmiling picture of Ella, which hung over the fire-place. La Somme looked at the loſt object with the moſt melancholy concern, and the eye of the picture fixed itſelf on him. The weakneſs of nature diſſolved into a ſhower of tears—the viſion of the portrait became dim by the confuſion of his ſight, and, as it diſappeared

to

to his ſwimming eyes, he exclaimed, "My poor undone Ella! where, where ſhall I find you? where ſhall I fly to ſave you?"

The acuteneſs of his reflection then paſſed away, and ſought relief in the cadaverous torpidity of a fainting fit;—a miſerable inanimate proſtrate ſufferer, lying a victim to the miſconduct of her whoſe likeneſs looked down upon him. The ſervant, who attended without, heard La Somme fall, and immediately ran to his aſſiſtance. The ordinary means ſoon reſtored him to a ſtate of ſenſibility; and he endeavoured to collect from the domeſtics if they knew any thing relating to Ella. From them he learned that ſhe had been there two weeks ago in a poſt-chaiſe, and had taken a quantity of wearing apparel and other trinkets: that, on account of their maſter being laid up with the gout, ſhe had come for certain papers and monies, and that ſhe was immediately to return to farmer Martin's or to her friend Liſſetta, to wait for his joining her. In the mean time ſhe charged

charged them to take care of the houſe, and gave orders which led them to conclude that ſhe would ſpeedily return either alone or with La Somme.

To his queſtion, if any gentleman was in the poſt chaiſe with her, it was anſwered in the negative. From this account La Somme could learn nothing, or could only learn that ſhe was irrecoverably gone.

The agitation of La Somme and the bruiſes he had received in falling were not deſtined to remove themſelves without firſt impreſſing their conſequences upon him.

The following morning when he awoke, he found he was incapable of riſing: the violent emotion of his brain had rendered his ſleep broken and unſound. He purſued Ella through a thouſand dangerous paths—was overwhelmed with difficulties himſelf—and at the moment when he had ſeized the yielding Ella, and ſaved her from the villainous ſeduction,—the illuſion vaniſhed, the reality proved a fantaſy of the head, and he found he had not advanced

vanced a foot towards the recovery of his dear and unfortunate Ella. Theſe complicated cauſes laid La Somme upon a bed of ſickneſs, fearful of every event but dying, and petitioning the grim viſitor to become his gueſt. The kind conſoling hand of Ella raiſed not his head; her tongue was not there to amuſe his ear; nor were her affectionate prayers ejaculated to ſooth his anguiſh: while, on the contrary, La Somme laid the victim of her indiſcretion—her ſituation occupied his mind—and, even in the moments of derangement, he continued his purſuit of the fugitive, with the exclamation of "Ella! Ella! where is ſhe? where is Ella?"

"Dear reader, it is not our intention to keep thee in ſuſpence longer than while we draw a few inferences from the ſituation of La Somme. The intereſt you feel in him muſt be equal to your pity; and while your commiſeration is ſtrong, apply the cauſes of it to your own boſoms,

ſoms, and there enquire if you have not by the contrariety of your conduct, or a ſpirit of perverſeneſs, placed parental love in a ſtate approximating to that of La Somme. Bending to, inſtead of oppoſing the fooliſh cuſtoms of the times, have you not rejected from the fear of the ſingularity, and being denominated *outré*, thoſe very convictions which your reaſon has approved?

Experience proves that the head is generally correct in its judgment; the misfortune lies in the feebleneſs of the executive powers, which yield to the force of bad example, and ſuffer the independency of the mind to be ſubjugated. To overcome the irregularities which cuſtom and faſhion ſanction is to obtain a victory; and to liſten to the firſt impulſes of the heart is to obey the voice of nature; for the firſt impulſes are commonly the moſt virtuous.

Having now ſermonized from the moral ſituation of our worthy patient, without

out the *benefit of clergy*, we ſhall proceed to ſpeak a few comfortable words on his phyſical ſtate: Though death had ſhaken his dart at him, he had not yet projected the miſſile weapon: this, notwithſtanding it continued *in terrorem* for a conſiderable time over his head, was reſerved for a future period, and did not take place for many years after the cloſe of our hiſtory, when nature might be ſaid more juſtly to decay, than death to have killed. His progreſs to recovery was ſlow, and, before he had finally recovered, a number of events crowd upon us, which are involved in the hiſtory of our characters.

Young Fryherr, in the aſſurances he had given Martin, that his daughter was as amiable and virtuous when he quitted her, as in the moment that he firſt knew her, certainly aſſerted the truth; but, at the ſame time, he manifeſtly paid great deference to the old adage, that the whole truth ſhould not be ſpoken at all times. His profeſſions of attachment were

ſincere and honourable in the viſit he paid her, in which he was diſcovered: and when the innocent and harmleſs Roſella entered the poſt-chaiſe, ſhe put herſelf under his protection only till ſhe could procure another eligible ſituation. When they proceeded to the college of Zell, he domeſticated her in a reſpectable tradeſman's houſe till ſhe could proceed to her brother Albert; in the mean while, the increaſed viſits of young Fryherr conveyed pleaſure and protection to her ſolitary ſecluſion; but the force of bad example, and college diſſipation very ſoon blighted the virtuous bloſſoms which his liking for Roſella had nouriſhed.

Roſella now began to perceive that the modeſty of his conduct was ſucceeded by a leſs reſerved manner, and his freedoms became inadmiſſible. She felt herſelf uneaſy, but not alarmed: ſhe was devoid of ſuſpicion till broad ruin ſtared her in the face, and his plain declarations pointed

ed out that he would take her for his miſtreſs *now*, and his wife at *another time*.

Roſella repelled the black propoſal with every mark of contempt: her reſolutions were prompt and bold, and extended to a plan he had not conceived. She intereſted the maſter of the family immediately in her ſituation, and requeſted him to interfere in the procuring of any place, however diſtant, where ſhe might be removed from the perfidy of one who had courted her only to betray. She had nouriſhed a paſſion till it had ſtung her; but ſhe could convince him, that, though ſhe poſſeſſed leſs wealth, ſhe was incorruptible.

Her worthy protector, through the medium of a friend, then conducted and recommended her to a houſe at Hambro', from whence ſhe could with facility proceed to England. Here ſhe wrote to her brother, who expreſſed his averſion to ſuch an unprotected journey, and cenſured her for the manner in which, according to

her detail, ſhe had placed herſelf in the power of Henry: he expreſſed his intention of re-viſiting Stettin, and adviſed her to return home, or wait there till a letter from him ſhould reach his father, who would forgive her imprudent conduct, and conduct her to Blumen Farm, that aſylum from their misfortunes, into which ſhe had never yet entered, nor conveyed a ſmile of comfort.

Roſella, feeling the reproof of this letter, determined neither to wait for her brother Albert, nor ſee her father, till ſhe could remove every blemiſh from herſelf. In a ſhort time ſhe wholly diſappeared, by engaging herſelf to the place of a worthy man, who was deſirous of having a young girl of Roſella's diſpoſition, to look after his domeſtic concerns: family derangements had made it neceſſary, and though the place was in a diſtant village, it offered the advantages of eaſe and complete concealment.

Roſella

Roſella received the propoſal without heſitation, and departed by the cheapeſt conveyance the next morning. The preſents of her young lover, and her œconomy, had left her enough to diſcharge every incumbrance, and pay her paſſage to her intended place. Previous to her elopement from the college, ſhe wrote her mind in a letter of dejection to Henry, and left it for him when he entered her apartment: it animadverted ſeverely upon his conduct, and contained a declaration, notwithſtanding ſhe endeavoured to conceal ſuch an inference, that, ſince ſhe could not baniſh wholly his former affection from her boſom, the only ſtep to preſerve the character of both was to fly for ever from him.

Fryherr, we may obſerve, in exculpation, had made his propoſals to Roſella when he was a little heated with wine, and, when reflection came with the next morning, he felt a pungency of mind for his conduct; he felt the contempt too,

ſhe had treated him with, and he was aſhamed to repeat his viſit for ſome days. The ſecret affection he had for her at length overcame this diffidence, and he had determined, if ſhe remained inexorable, to make every reparation for his temerity. Theſe reſolutions were all rendered nugatory by the change of circumſtances; the fair fugitive had ſought protection in ſome unknown quarter, and had added rejection to contempt.

The path was cloſed through which ſhe had flown, and he retired, curſing his folly and baſeneſs.

She had incloſed in a parcel, all the letters which his former affection had beſtowed, the locket excepted, which ſhe had remitted to Albert, not only to get repaired from a ſlight accident it had met with, but as a *handſome* proof of Henry's affection. He bore back theſe mementos and her laſt letter to his apartments, reſolving to convince her, whenever ſhe could be traced, that he was more and more an admirer

admirer of her independence and conduct.

This brief account explains the cauſe of Henry's contracted information to Mr. Martin, and with whom, when Roſella left Potſdam, he expected to have found her: and why the letter of La Somme, which had been written to Zell, for an explanation of Albert's conduct, never found her, becauſe ſhe had quitted it previous to its being ſent; added to which, on her arrival under Mr. Fryherr's protection, ſhe had aſſumed a change of name. From theſe coincidences aroſe the difficulties which Albert had experienced, and which La Somme had juſt developed as the natural conſequences of her miſconduct and correſpondence with him.

The late two important events, the elopement of Ella and the march of Horatio, had depicted a viſible concern on the countenance of Liſſetta, and the Abbé the next time he viſited her mother could not but take notice of it. At a proper op-

portunity, the Abbé tenderly enquired the cauſe of her dejection; and Liſſetta reſolved it into the ſituations of Ella and Horatio.

"Right," ſaid the Prieſt, "they are of a different perſuaſion to ourſelves; nevertheleſs, we are not exempted from feeling an intereſt in their fate; nay, we ſhould exert an extraordinary benevolence to convince them that good faith produces good works. For your friend Ella, I have the moſt alarming apprehenſion that ſhe is the prey of her own miſconduct, and ſhame conceals her from an acknowledgment of her retreat: but it ſhall be my wiſh, dear Liſſetta, to further yours, and to endeavour to trace her:—As for the indigent Horatio, I can read that he forms the greateſt part of the book in the volume of your anxiety, but ſome prejudices are even amiable! I have written to the commandant for his diſcharge, but it has proved ineffectual; nevertheleſs, my intentions of ſervice ſhall not yet be baffled,

fled, and at no period can they be better exerted than now. I am ſure you have the means of conveyance to him; when you ſend, convey him this purſe and letter; the beſt means of continuing a man in well doing is to encourage him in it."

"Your generoſity," ſaid Liſſetta, "has made more impreſſion on my nature than all your preaching, and my heart thanks you for him. When I tranſmit the account to him, I ſhall place the favour to the friendſhip of a *man*, and omit the prieſt: the firſt is the nobleſt character you can occupy."

"True," ſaid the Abbé; "and as the reward of it, all I would aſk on earth would be compriſed in holding the ſecond place in your eſteem, ſince I find I cannot hold the firſt. A ſhort time back, it was my object, and ſincere prayer, to bring you into the ſervice of our holy community—the reverſe has taken place; the converter has almoſt become convert-

ed; and frankly confeſſes, that it will be the compulſion he is under, of indulging the religious principles of his relatives, which can only retain him in his ſacerdotal function, and which ſhall continue no longer than it may be prudent to conform to their wiſhes and Liſſetta's happineſs!"

"A very round confeſſion, truly!" ſaid Liſſetta: "and if you fulfil the declaration you have made, you will be very near the confines of hereſy and ſchiſm: all virtue is told in action, and if you deſerve a place in Liſſetta's eſteem, ſhe will place you among her catalogue of worthies!"

The mother now entered and eruſhed this intereſting converſation: the developement of the Abbé's relaxation from the rigid rules he had enjoined her formerly was preſenting itſelf.

The Abbé, ſaid ſhe to herſelf, is tinctured with jealouſy; when he imagined I had no predilection for any of his ſex, he thought he could model me after his own

own wiſhes: now he finds the reverſe, he is endeavouring to model himſelf after mine. He has never offended me, and if he does exert himſelf to ameliorate the conditions of thoſe who are neareſt my heart, he will certainly be entitled to ſhare in it: I like philanthropy in whatever garb it appears; and Liſſetta would rather inſert her hand into the one that is extend to do good, than approach the radiance of a finger ornamented with brilliants.

Horatio and his comrades continued their route towards their deſtination, by ſlow advances, being detained at every village and town with the endeavour to enliſt more recruits to complete their number. No inconvenience nor accident happened on his route except ſuch as are common to thoſe who are unuſed to *horſe exerciſe*. It would be diſcredited if we were to ſay that Horatio proved inexpert or awkward, and therefore in compliance with the general wiſh of our read-

ers, and the facility of making him ſo, we declare that he performed every evolution with activity, elegance, and ſuperiority. His behaviour, by civility and frankneſs, rendered him reſpected.

Horatio had written twice to Liſſetta, and received anſwers in return; in one of which was conveyed the Abbé's bounty, and his letter.

"I thought the Abbé had been my enemy, ſaid Horatio, as he peruſed the paper, but Liſſetta makes a convert of every one: he adviſes me to emulate the partiality ſhe has for me, by equal deeds of valour; to elevate myſelf to command, by ruſhing always into the poſt of honour; and ultimately receiving the patriotic reward of the hand I have ſo valiantly defended! He ſhall ſee that I want no impetus to courage; and that his benevolence ſhall make me an agent for its diſtribution to my wounded comrades." The warmeſt expreſſions of eſteem were echoed back in the

the communication of the ſeparated lovers; and, if there were unpleaſant communications in his epiſtles, it was in thoſe parts which regretted his not having been yet called into action, and by ſhewing his contempt of danger, to raiſe himſelf to a ſituation better worthy of her love, than a common ſoldier.

Money, thought Liſſetta, can do this without picking an enſign's ſtaff out of the cannon's mouth: indeed, the event of ſuch hazardous encounters may raiſe him much *higher* than I wiſh: I ſhould like to be inſtrumental to his elevation on earth; and as for what follows, he can go to heaven from the chamber as well as the field. I will try what my influence on the Abbé can effect in the proſecution of a little plan I have conceived, and I will alſo apply to Mr. Edel; he will rejoice in the ſteadineſs of his conduct, and aſſiſt me in carrying a good deſign into effect.

The deſign required a large ſum of money to give it motion, and there was but

but two channels of procuring it—through the Abbé or Mr. Edel: to the Abbé, therefore, ſhe made the ſcope of her wiſh known, and received from him the moſt poſitive aſſurances of his friendſhip, and at the ſame time the impoſſibility of procuring ſuch a loan on *her* account, if her mother ſuſpected its uſe. Liſſetta nevertheleſs did not abandon her plan; Mr. Edel yet remained, and to him ſhe repeated the requeſt ſhe had made to the Abbé, adding that ſhe would mortgage the ſum left her for pin money, and give any ſecurity for the ſum wanting, till ſhe poſſeſſed a part of her property at coming of age; and if he could repair to Frankfort, ſhe would defray his expence in the execution of her commiſſion. The whole of this tranſaction was to be done and conveyed to the party for whom it was deſigned, without the knowledge of any one but the agents in it.

Mr. Edel was at his own houſe when the letter arrived; and after he had peruſed

ruſed it, he reſolved that the generoſity of Liſſetta, whom we have already mentioned was a prime favourite, ſhould not be fruſtrated.

Mr. Edel was not poſſeſſed of much real property himſelf; he, therefore, determined to carry what he had, and then learn what the plan was ſhe intended.

On the evening previous to his arrival, the Abbé paid a viſit to Liſſetta, and congratulated the charming girl on his having been, in part, able to accompliſh her wiſhes: he had procured ſome money at an exorbitant intereſt, and had given her mother his own note for it, which he requeſted Liſſetta would not mention to her again.

There was little danger that Liſſetta would involve him in difficulty, as a recompenſe for his kindneſs; ſhe, therefore, thanked him with the ſweeteſt look, and ſpoke her approbation from a pair of the moſt charming lips, which likewiſe added that ſhe or Horatio would one day reimburſe him.

"Never!"

"Never!" ſaid the Abbé; "it is a free-will offering, and I ſhall yet conſider myſelf in your debt, till I have made up the whole of the ſum."

"You enhance my obligation by the manner of conveying it; ſo, till I can give you the money, take a note of hand for it," ſaid the laughing Liſſetta, preſenting her hand to him, while he ſealed the agreement with a kiſs.

The following day brought our worthy traveller, Mr. Edel, who terminated his journey with the ſame good fortune he had commenced it. Liſſetta ſtarted with pleaſure and ſurpriſe, when ſhe beheld his benign countenance enter the room, and enquire if ſhe had been well ſince he was laſt at Frankfort. When Mrs. Brun quitted her ſeat, Mr. Edel preſented his pocket-book, containing notes to a handſome amount, aſſuring her that he relied upon her own ſecurity for their benevolent application.

"My

"My dear ſir," ſaid Liſſetta, "I am your debtor for the whole ſum, and all the fatigue I mean to put your philanthrophy to. The Abbé's gift, my own trifle, and this pocket-book, will all revert to you.—Thus you will be enabled to accompliſh the object neareſt my heart. Horatio, my dear ſir, is yet but an unbefriended ſoldier: we have it now in our power to elevate him, the neceſſary ſteps towards which I ſhall conſign to you. You are well acquainted with the method of conferring a kindneſs, and know how to conceal the parties in it."

Mr. Edel took her by the hand, and declared that the only regret he ſhould feel in exerciſing her commiſſion would be the ſuppreſſion of her name; he nevertheleſs approved of the reſolution, which he ſhould exactly copy himſelf.

Mr. Edel had undertaken a difficult and an unpleaſant taſk, becauſe it required that he ſhould travel to the capital, and when he had made the purchaſe, that he ſhould

ſee Horatio in poſſeſſion of it; his prudence ſuggeſted that it would be neceſſary to take his own ſecurity for the amount of the purchaſe-money, payable to a fictious name, which would effectually conceal the donors, and be a check upon him if he ſhould, when moving in a higher ſphere, forget the kind hand and the good conduct which had elevated him. We may therefore conſign Mr. Edel to our good wiſhes for the preſent, and turn to the object whoſe intereſt he was generouſly employed in, juſt remarking that a ſevere indiſpoſition which attacked him at Berlin delayed for ſome time the intended military purchaſe.

Every thing in nature moves at certain periods out of uniformity, and the obſervation will apply to the moral as well as the phyſical world. We have hitherto preſented our hero as a virtuous and generous character, and we do not mean to detach from his ſterling qualities by the little excreſcences which are removed as eaſily as they

they are formed; he was not immaculate, but he was never in his actions deſignedly culpable. It happened that the landlord of the village inn at which Horatio and ſome of his comrades were quartered had a very pretty daughter, whoſe innocence and ſimplicity were the counterpart apparently of her complexion and features. There could exiſt no want of a lover where the inducements were ſo ſtrong; but the young laſs rejected the ſmiles and offers of other ſuitors, and ſelected Horatio as the moſt agreeable of them all. Indeed it was his forte to render every one pleaſed with themſelves (certainly the readieſt way to engage a heart), and he two or three times ſtrayed with her in the meadows, or led her down the dances at the wake. Nothing was farther from the mind of the gallant than love, and nearer to the heart of Thereſa. In proportion as he received her civilities with indifference, ſhe augmented them; and ſhe naturally concluded as there was no natural appearance of a rival, that a lit-

a little time and attention would thaw the ice-plant, on which ſhe had caſt the warmth of affection.

Her attachment to Horatio was ſoon generally noticed, and various were the roaſts and geers ſhe endured from the neighbouring laſſes and ſwains, at her preference for a poor marching private. Horatio too did not eſcape the envy of his rival comrades, whoſe amorous looks and indications were always repreſſed by the young lady's coldneſs; from the landlord and landlady, indeed, he had received much reſpect, becauſe they had obſerved he was treated with deference by the officers; this was, therefore, an act of prudence rather than friendſhip, which Horatio placed to the latter account, and endeavoured to return it by drinking with the father and walking about with the daughter.

A fortnight had expired, when the landlord and his wife, concluding the time had been ſufficiently long for Horatio to have made up his mind if he ſhould like their daugh-

daughter, determined to addreſs him on the ſubject; and as they doubted not of his ready conſent, they previouſly had determined not to give their compliance till he had returned from the war, and could advance as much as they could give with their daughter. Another reaſon for delaying the match was, that a gentleman in a military undreſs had reſted at their houſe a ſhort time before, and had remarked that it was a pity ſo fine a girl ſhould be hid in ſuch a dull place, and that he was ſure his connexions would ſerve her in life. The ſtranger had paid very handſomely for what he had, and had given a purſe to their daughter, all which proved *beyond a certainty* that he was a gentleman; nay, he had even overſtaid his time, on account of the landlord's agreeable talent for ſtory-telling, and his anecdotes of all the horſes and dogs far and near. Before the gentleman parted he gave her his card of addreſs at Frankfort, and promiſed to take her under his protection.

This

This event had much raiſed the daughter's conſequence with the father and mother, who, reckoning too ſtrongly on the gentleman's promiſes, thought them *above proof:* therefore, while they reſolved to check the deſire the handſome ſoldier would have to be immediately married to Thereſa, they thought they could ſoften the delay by promiſing to intereſt the above officer in his favour, who, they were ſure, would be Thereſa's friend.

The next morning was appointed for the *coup de main*, and Horatio was beckoned into *beſt* parlour. Horatio was wondering what could be the matter, when the landlady ſaid,

" I need not tell you that here is my huſband, and I, and Thereſa, and all the world do plainly ſee that you have a ſtrong liking for our daughter; and, truly, there is not a pin to chooſe—for ſhe is as deeply in love with you, therefore, ——"

" How!" cried Horatio, " I deeply in love with your daughter?"

" Yes,"

"Yes," continued the landlady; "you knows well that you be; and ſo I was going to ſay that huſband ſays that ——."

"Lord! my good woman," exclaimed Horatio, "I tell that you are in a miſtake!"

"Well, what ſignifies," ſaid the landlady, "perhaps huſband did not ſay it, and I did—well then, *I* ſaid that he and I and ſhe and you would talk it over; and that it is better to ſtay till the war is over before you two marry, becauſe you might be killed!"

"Before ſhe and I marry!" exclaimed the wide-mouthed dragoon.

"Aye, ſartinly," rejoined the mother; "you would not have the knot tied now, would you?"

"Why not, mother?" ſaid the little *arch* angel, expoſing two rows of the whiteſt and eveneſt teeth.

"Becauſe, child, it is too early for you to think of being married."

"Ah! mother, one cannot be too early as

as good as you were; I have waited longer than you did; and if father has no objection, I ſhould like ———"

"What is it I am beſieged thus for?" vociferated Horatio, in a full tone, extending the circle which had incloſed him to three feet diſtance. "I have no intention of courting nor of marrying your daughter. What ſhould a ſoldier do with a wife who cannot keep himſelf? And now you are delivering your mind, you may liſten to mine: I think you have neither been cloſe ſighted nor reſerved in leaving your daughter at all times with me; but I have more honour than to betray either you or her. I eſteem her with all my heart, but I cannot admit her into it: it is in the poſſeſſion of another object."

The inquiſitive ſmiles of the three relatives now changed into lowering frowns. The inn-keeper ſwore that he ſhould have her; the wife called him worſe than a monſter; and the grief of Thereſa was poured

poured forth in her muſlin apron. Such was the ſituation of the quartetto, when the ſummons to repair to the morning exerciſe placed all the parties in a more agreeable ſituation.

When the muſter was made, the officer announced they were ordered to proceed in a few days towards the frontiers, and bid them prepare accordingly. Here was one of thoſe intereſting periods in which Horatio felt the want of liberty. He wanted to convey conſolation to the boſom of one whom he had long ſincerely eſteemed, and whom he had not for ſome years ſeen,—his old patron, parſon Heiligkeit. Previouſly to his leaving Frankfort he had written to the good curate, and, amidſt a number of palliatives for the ſtep he had taken without his concurrence, informed him of his entrance into the army. He did not mention the name of the parſon's wife, becauſe ſhe neither liked him, nor had he much reaſon to like her. At this juncture it was that an anſwer arrived, and Hora-

tio adjourned to a corner of the tap-room to feaſt himſelf with the hopes that his worthy friend was happier and wealthier than when he had written to him at Frankfort.

The contents of the letter were as follows:

" BELOVED HORATIO,

" Hitherto the duty of my ſacred office and my own diſpoſition have taught me to pour conſolation into the boſom of every one that aſked it. It is all I have ever given thee, but, poor as the gift is, thou haſt always received it with thankfulneſs.—The hour is now come in which I need a part of what I have beſtowed:—thy wealth, if thou wert rich, would avail me nothing—I want more—I want thy preſence,—the ſight of thee, my long abſent child, to pour the balm of Gilead into my heart.—My wife, Horatio,—my wife has eloped—deſerted me,—and left me to vacuity and all the weakneſſes of childhood.—She was ever the wife of my boſom:—

ſom :—but, alas ! I was never the huſband of her's—her indifference only increaſed my wiſh to be more indulgent,—and now how much happineſs would her imperative voice convey to my ears! I miſs her at table—in the houſe—in every thing,—but my prayers. To obtain peace I have truly been the *paſſive* voice, and in making her the *firſt* perſon, I ſhewed her the leſſon of humility; ever recollecting and pointing out to her that encouraging text, 'Bleſſed are the meek, for they ſhall inherit the earth.' My conſcience is upright, nor can ſhe charge me with incontinence, or a thirſt for this world's gain.

" My wife's ſon, (Horatio, he is only mine by law) whoſe name it gives me pain to mention, has written ſeveral letters to my wife at different periods, in which he has ſent her money :—but the wages of iniquity and deception never have ſtained my hands. I opened one of his laſt letters, in which the words *ready bit*, *old quiz*, and many others occur, which I can trace in no

dictionary: he there informs her that he has fled from the reſentment of his grandfather ſince his premature return from the embaſſy to France, to an aſylum which his mother had procured for him. He pleads the want of money, and requeſts my wife either to remit a part of what he before ſent, or to get me to accept a note for 50l. —On my wife's aſſurance that ſhe would ſee it diſcharged, and for the love of peace, I conſented.—Now ſhe has deſerted me, if the ſum ſhould fall upon me, it would cruſh me to powder.—I ſhould be taken from the village, and leave the old furniture that ſaw me enter the cottage, and the chimney-corner where thou haſt many a time prattled on my knee.—Horatio, weep with me, and when you can fly to me—fly from the profeſſion you have entered into without my advice: it is in contradiction to that celeſtial religion which teaches 'peace on earth and good-will towards men.'

"My

"My wife is the alpha and omega of my days.—I know not who has ſeduced her, but the world ſays it is Linton, who lodged in my houſe,—but it cannot be him:—he had returned to the parſonage before I came back from my unſucceſsful journey to Copenhagen, and commiſerated thy loſs moſt tenderly. If, however, he has deceived me (and the flight of my wife and him looks ſuſpicious), may juſt heaven reſtore them to repentance, before I am taken to itſelf. But why ſhould I repine at Providence?—always above my deſerts, ſince it has ſupplied me with the ſervice of a young woman, whoſe friendly attention and ſpirits endeavour to ſoften my hours of unhappineſs. Horatio, I ſhould like you to ſee her—ſhe would make a good wife for thee:—and it would make my ſorrows lighter, to marry thee to her, and ſee thee take the management of my ſchool, which is too much for my enfeebled mind. Providence never rejects thoſe it pities, nor lets them deſpair. When I find myſelf

weak and low, my heart ſeeks relief in ſuch humble offerings as theſe, and which you would do well to repeat to your thoughtleſs comrades:

Accept, Great Sire of all mankind,
My humble ſuit for aid,
To ſhare that goodneſs, unconfin'd,
Which keeps the life thou'ſt made.

Thy bounty, which that life has warm'd,
Unmeaſur'd as 'tis bleſt,
Shall ſoothe the woes by folly form'd
To break thy ſervant's reſt.

Whene'er thou dealeſt good or ill,
To grant, or ſtill implore,
My humble heart ſhall praiſe thee ſtill,
And ſinfully adore.

And if thy Juſtice may be led
To ſpare—oh! let me ſue;
Return the wand'rer whence ſhe fled;
Forgive her—as I do.

But if thy goodneſs, dark, profound,
Withhold the meek requeſt;
Then let thy balſam heal the wound
Omniſcience ſaw was beſt.

And if to do thy will I fail,
Or at thy hand repine,
Forgive,—for man's beſt deeds are frail;
While mercy, Lord, is thine.

" Horatio, farewell.—One more ſentence before I conclude:—The vicar does not ſeem to approve of the ſimplicity of my religious doctrines: whatever may be the conſequence, I can never barter them for preferment. He cannot ſurely be diſguſted with the ſimplicity of my life.—Farewell, Horatio, and remember me in thy prayers.

" T. HEILIGKEIT."

CHAP. X.

THE eyes of Horatio could ſcarcely believe the contents of this paper; he weighed the ſentences in the ſcales of juſtice, and found no counterpoiſe to them. The apathy of his old friend had awakened to a keen ſenſibility, and his own ſituation was the moſt unfavourable to relieve it.

In vain did he revolve the beſt ſteps to trace the fugitive: he was not omniſcient to diſcern; nor, if he were, was he all-powerful to relieve: he determined, therefore, to conſign the parſon's cauſe to that Being who is *both*; and in the mean time, write to him back an anſwer full of conſolation, in *his own manner*, containing aſſurances that he never would forſake him

him while he had one hand to revenge his injuries, or a penny to preſent to him with the other.

Horatio found his mind relieved by the reſolution he ſincerely projected of making good what he had in the above anſwer promiſed; and the parents at the auberge found relief from their diſappointment in opening a maſked battery of abuſe upon Horatio; but the more courageous daughter rather choſe to try the effect of countermining and proceeding by *ſap*.

She had obſerved that the laſt letter received had fixed a melancholy on Horatio's countenance; and what could be the occaſion of it, unleſs ſomething unpleaſant from the happier rival to whom he had before declared he was engaged? Another paſſion, not uncommon with the female world, had taken poſſeſſion of her mind, namely, to prevent the enjoyment of that happineſs in another, which ſhe had miſſed herſelf. However daſtardly this inclination may be, we know it too

frequently exiſts in love, commerce, and ſcience; the votaries to which, like the facts told of the ſuperſtitious Spaniards in the treatment of their Saint Antonios, worſhip with their whole heart that object, which, on the ſlighteſt offence or impediment to their wiſhes, they aſſign to the contempt of their feet. It is the feature of a little mind, to undermine the pinnacle we cannot reach; if it precipitate itſelf upon us, we have provoked the conſequence.

This letter Thereſa concluded would unravel the myſtery ſhe wanted to learn, but how to obtain it was a queſtion of ſome magnitude: while ſhe was agitating on the plan, lo! her hopes on this letter literally vaniſhed *in fumo*, for Horatio advanced, and with great good humour obſerved, that, as the pot wanted a little more fuel, and he always liked to turn to ſome account what he did not like, he would make an offering of the letter to her *crucible*.

Thereſa

Thereſa eaſily ſuppoſed the firſt aroſe from diſguſt, and the word *crucible* ſhe readily changed into cruelty. This rendered her more anxious to know what the cauſes were which he read with diſpleaſure, and another day preſented the opportunity of becoming miſtreſs of one of his letters, directed for Horatio by the hand of the lovely and attentive Liſſetta. The letter conveyed a perfect knowledge of the ſtate of things, and the cauſe which it was neceſſary to remove, to inſert herſelf in its place.

After a few days had elapſed, ſhe heard without diſpleaſure the earneſt enquiries of Horatio after his beſt friend and comforter, the poſt-man. A ſhort period again produced a ſolicitous enquiry from the amiable girl of the motives which had kept him ſilent ſo long. This alſo fell into the hands of Thereſa, and ſhe did not fail to banter our hero upon the punctuality of his miſtreſs in her communications.

He felt the ſeverity of the remark, and determined to write a long letter of expoſtulation upon his own attachment and her neglect.

Although Thereſa had violated the contents of theſe chartered repoſitories of love, ſhe had not been able to learn either the name or condition of the lady. The name was ſigned with the initials; and the name of Monſieur Bernard, the Abbé, frequently occurred.

The poſt-mark informed her whence it came, and this was fortunately the very town where her friend, the gentleman, had given her his addreſs. Impelled, therefore, by certain cauſes which it would be premature to develope, and reſerving her laſt effort upon Horatio, in the plan ſhe was determined to execute, ſhe told her *tender parents* that the baſe treatment of Horatio had rendered her mind unhappy, and that ſhe could never overget his barbarity; that the village reminded her at every ſtep of him, and there-

therefore ſhe would ſet off to her friend at Frankfort, to learn a little of life, and ſeek her fortune. The good folks firſt objected, and then approved :—Why not? ſaid they: if her leaving the village will not ſoften the young ſoldier's heart, ſhe will go to a worthy gentleman; and, as ſhe is as well to follow as to meet, who knows the end of it? The gentleman himſelf is, as they believed, a ſingle man, and there was no accounting what might happen! Her journey was, therefore, agreed upon, and ſhe was to ſet off in the coach the following week.

Theſe momentous determinations were announced to the deaf lover in all due form, but they produced little effect on his flinty heart, who replied, with the moſt *cutting kindneſs*, that every ſtep ſhe took from home he hoped would be a ſtep nearer to her happineſs.

Love, like fire, needs fuel to preſerve it in its firſt intenſe heat. The omiſſion of motion too, like as in its adverſe element, water,

ter, renders it ſtagnant, and it loſes its properties from this cauſe. Letters, communications, and paſt recurrences, are the materials which keep up the flame of diſtant affection; we are not, therefore, to be ſurpriſed if Horatio, attracted by the gravitating power of a nearer planet, had moved a little out of his proper orbit, and was leſs influenced by the bright conſtellation which ſeemed receding from him. A few evenings previouſly to her ſetting off, and when Horatio was meditating on the unaccountable ſilence of Liſſetta, and drawing concluſions unfavourable to her conſtancy, the blooming Thereſa entered the place allotted for his chamber: ſhe had reſerved this for her laſt attack, and had, therefore, ornamented her perſon with the moſt neat and luxurious advantages. To the greateſt cleanlineſs, ſhe had attached the greateſt negligence in her dreſs: her hair looſely flowed in unfaſhionable luxuriance, which a cap and ſtraw-coloured ribbon bound ſufficiently to preſerve it from diſorder.—

Her

Her firſt ſalutation on entering the room ſeemed calculated to ſhew the fineneſs of the teeth whence it iſſued. "Ah! Horatio, I ſhall ſoon leave you!" Deſcending yet farther, a tranſparent muſlin handkerchief but ill concealed the pulſive beauties of her boſom, in which every faſcinating delight ſeemed to be animated.

We muſt not wonder, therefore, that Horatio felt this violent combination of effect acted forcibly upon his ſenſes, and it expreſſed itſelf in obſerving that he ſhould like to know how ſhe was diſpoſed of, and where ſhe was going.

"I am going," ſaid Thereſa, "to the town where you came from, and which will ſtill put me in mind of you; and if I remain at home, I ſhall not be happy."

"Why?" interrogated Horatio.

"Becauſe it will remind me always of your unkindneſs:" and at this moment, as ſhe ſtood before Horatio, ſhe dropped her needle, and ſtooped down to look for it.

The

The horizontal poſition had nearly proved fatal to the honour of Horatio. Her boſom preſented a ſtrait line from his eye; the time ſhe took in ſearching for the needle had unfolded ſuch a bewitching proſpect, that his whole feelings were agitated by the allurements before him. As ſhe roſe he caught hold of her hand, and had inſenſibly drawn her upon his knee; he then eagerly embraced her, and was proceeding to realiſe to the touch the viſion which had been ſo delightful to the eye, when they coy Thereſa ſtruggled, and fell from his knee on the floor. In her fall ſhe caught hold of his waiſtcoat, which flew open, and at once produced a trifling, but an important event for Horatio. The languiſhing Thereſa was waiting for his friendly hand to lift her up, and the enraptured Horatio was bending over her; when, in the effort to raiſe her, the ribbon round his neck became untied, and the miniature of Liſſetta rolled from his boſom on the floor, as if reproachful of the paſſion he

was

was about to indulge, and unwilling to reſide in the boſom that could admit a rival.

He reached over Thereſa to pick it up, and as he brought the reſemblance near his eye, he thought it regarded him with ſternneſs and contempt. He felt the ſituation he ſtood in; and after aſſiſting Thereſa to riſe, he let go the hand he had juſt before ſeized, and retreated a few paces.

Thereſa ſaw the change in the very moment of ſucceſs, and read the cauſe and the event in the picture which had diſcovered itſelf.

"I am ſorry," ſaid Horatio, "that my unguarded conduct ſhould lead you to form wrong concluſions:—it is evidently for the happineſs of each that we ſhould ſeparate; this is, thereſore, the laſt time; and if you leave the village, may you never find one who would injure you more than Heiligkeit!"

"It's vaſtly well—very well, ſir," exclaimed Thereſa; "but I am not to be played the fool with in this manner!" and

ſhe

ſhe made her exit in the ebullition of hard words and threatening looks.

Temptation is one of the greateſt ſources of miſconduct; and many enter into it with the intention of not ſubmitting to the faſcinating miſchief; but, alas! how frequently does the good diſpoſition that enters the dangerous abode of allurement never return again. The avoidance of temptation is better than reſiſtance; the firſt may be accompliſhed with eaſe, while the latter is always attended with a ſtruggle. The maxim of prevention is a cheap negative recipe of more value to health than the whole Materia Medica. The eye of parents ſhould diſcern accurately where the tender twig may be warped, and remember that the longer it continues firm and erect, the more able it will be to reſiſt the influences which will endeavour to attract it from its perpendicular.

Every hope of Thereſa failed with this laſt attempt, and ſhe found a conſolation, ſince ſhe could not poſſeſs Horatio, in becoming

coming the miſtreſs of her rival's picture. But how to attain it was a queſtion not eaſily ſolved; nevertheleſs, Thereſa at length determined to try the effect of ſtratagem, ſince it was impoſſible to ſeize the fair prize by force; conformably to her diſpoſition, which was a compoſition of fineſſe, and exhibits a prudent caution,—that deception frequently deceives herſelf.

There had been in the village a wake, and Horatio with ſome of his companions having danced till they were tired, they adjourned to their own tap-room to give the upper part of their mortal fabric its ſhare of amuſement, and have a glaſs and a ſong.

Inebriation is a companion generally attendant on the mirthful meetings of the lower order of mankind, when they may be ſaid to get moſt *ſteadily* drunk; and the neceſſity Horatio was under of complying with the cuſtom certainly had much increaſed his *loyalty*, as well as the landlord's,

lord's, who declared that they ſhould have a drop of his *ſuper* to drink to Thereſa's ſafe journey and good luck, and that ſhe ſhould mix it. The motion was well approved; and, as Horatio ſuggeſted, who could refuſe, when they were placed at the tun of Bacchus, and a Venus waited upon them.

The landlord ſmoked and drank, and as his faculties contracted his heart expanded, till he inſiſted that he and Horatio ſhould bumper away in a Lake of *Geneva* any animoſity there might be between them. In a ſhort time the potent god became too powerful for Horatio, and he made large movements from the back of his chair. In the drowning of animoſity; he had become ſenſeleſs himſelf:—the perpendicular was no longer preſerved; it became an angle of 20, 40, 60, 80 degrees, and the next motion produced the 90th, which laid him on the floor.

His comrades, who were yet more upright

right than himſelf, trailed him to the oppoſite corner of the room, and betook themſelves, on the ſignal of Thereſa, that it was time to move, to their reſting places.

The time had now fully arrived when the prize, placed under the protection of the *breaſt work*, might be carried with ſafety. On the retirement of the houſe to reſt, Thereſa deſcended, and found no difficulty in detaching the object of her diſlike from the ribbon which ſuſpended it. Secure of the prize, ſhe effected a ſafe retreat, and, placing it under her pillow, ſlept ſoundly upon the head of her rival.

Shame and confuſion filled the boſom of Horatio when he awoke in the morning, and found himſelf on the floor, with all the diſgraceful marks of inebriety about him. He ſwore that even a proſpect of an immediate union with Liſſetta ſhould not induce him in his joy to *bend again ſo low* at Bacchus's ſhrine.

After

After this event, the two parties became divided:—Thereſa ſet off for Frankfort, and Horatio and the troop marched onward to their place of deſtination.

In the progreſs of their route they reached a hamlet near Halemſtat, where the number of public houſes were not ſufficient to lodge the troop. Horatio's quarters was at the beſt inn the place afforded. They had not been long arrived when a chaiſe entered the yard with a gentleman and a lady in it, who alighted, and went into an inner room. Upon a cloſe recollection, Horatio thought he knew the features of the lady, but the gentleman he had never ſeen. They called each other by the affectionate name of huſband and wife, and from their ſtyle he conceived they were perſons of conſequence.

But various and minute are the cauſes which form a chain of events that foreſight cannot looſen. The lady had obſerved that Horatio viewed her with much attention, and though no ſuſpicion was alive in her

her boſom that ſhe had any thing to fear, the indifference which ſhe had determined to have in all accidental ſituations ſuddenly forgot itſelf, and her eyes were rivetted in turn on Horatio, upon hearing ſome of his comrades addreſs him by the name of Heiligkeit. A paleneſs roſe on her cheek, and a trepidation marked her ſtep, as ſhe croſſed the yard to her apartment. Here perhaps would the circumſtance have cloſed, if the ſcarcity of ſleeping-room for the men had not rendered it neceſſary to fill every vacant room and cloſet with litter; and in one of theſe was Horatio and a favourite comrade depoſited for the night; it was divided only by a partition from the room in which the gentleman and lady were to lie.

At night each of the parties retired, the one pair to the beſt bed, and the other to the beſt ſtraw, and each had alſo reſerved their feelings and ideas for the digeſtion of their different pillows, as places of confidence either for the purpoſe of converſation

tion or cogitation. The endeavour in Horatio to perfect the recollection of the features he had ſeen had produced the ſame effect as the lady's anxiety to diſcourſe upon the adventure had done to her: neither ſlept, nor had either a ſuſpicion of their contiguity.

END OF VOL. II.

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